

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

L O N D O N :

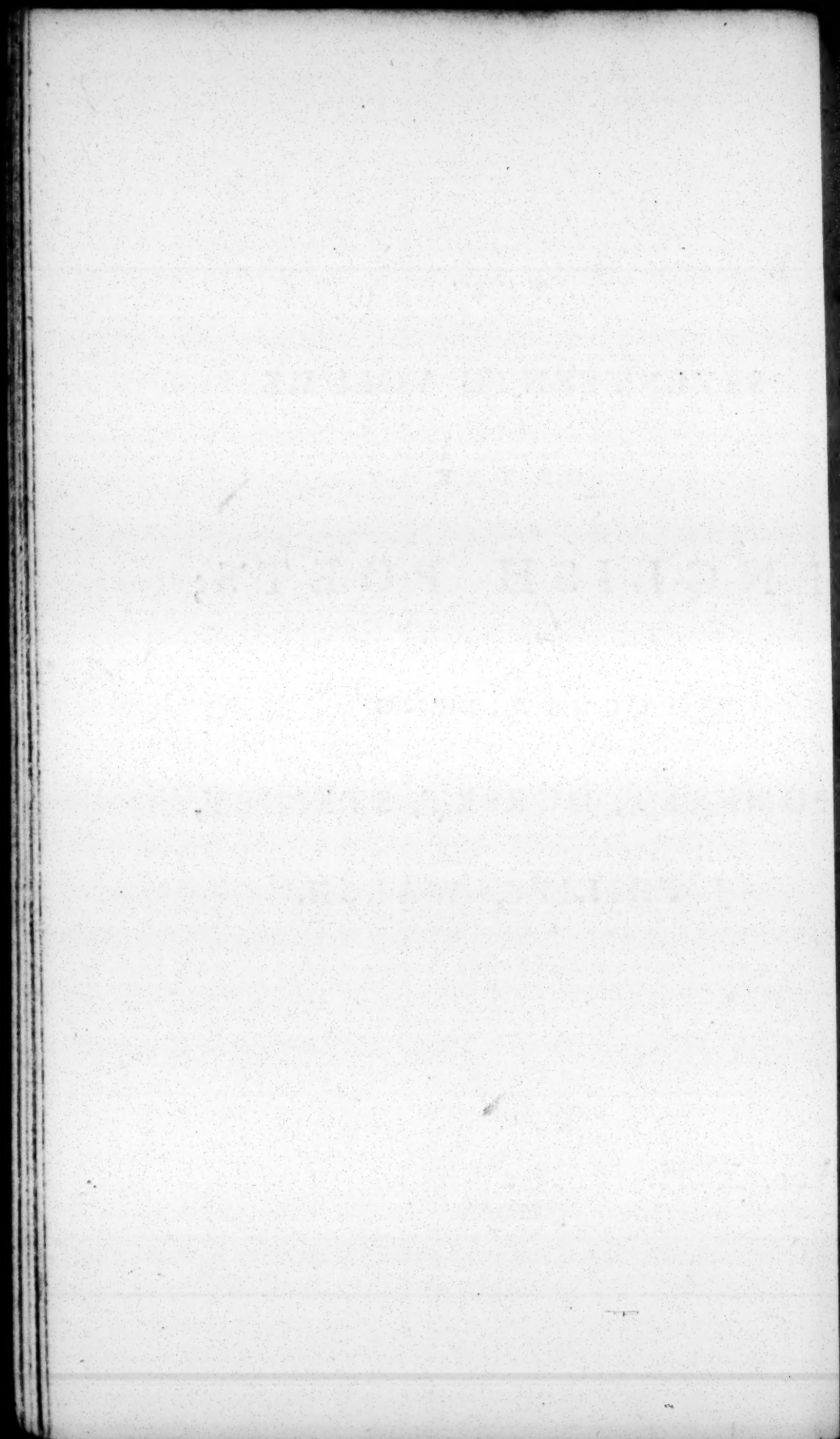
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THE
SEVENTEENTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
POMFRET, DORSET, STEPNEY,
J. PHILIPS, WALSH.

VOL. XVII.

a



THE
P O E M S
O F
J O H N P O M F R E T.

* * * "The Poems of Dr. WATTS were by my recommendation inserted in this Collection; the readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of BLACK-MORE, WATTS, POMFRET, and YALDEN."

Dr. JOHNSON.

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P R E F A C E.

IT will be to little purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any reasons, why the following poems appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some other excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the press; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself: for, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unless it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing poems deserve to stand in that class, the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good-humour will easily pardon; but those which the peevishness and ill-nature of the Critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used: Though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure, to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some persons, perhaps, may wonder, how Things of this Nature dare come into the world without the protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome Epistle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for, if a Poem struts out under my Lord's Patronage, the Author imagines it is no less than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this same Lord is a person of wonderful Wit and Understanding, a notable judge of Poetry, and a very considerable Poet himself. But if a Poem have no intrinsic excellencies, and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the Poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: for, indeed there lies the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an Author can receive from it.

To please every one, would be a new thing; and to write so as to please nobody, would be as new: for even Quarles and Withers have their admirers. The Author is not so fond of fame, to desire it from the injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a temper, not to wish it from the discerning Few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary.

London, 1699.

T H E

T H E
C H O I C E.

IF Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chuse my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blisful ease and satisfaction spend;

Near some fair town I 'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I 'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.

A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:

He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread:
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I 'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
 With the best wines each vintage could afford.
 Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse :
 By making all our spirits debonair,
 Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
 But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends ;
 So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
 Does many mischievous effects produce.
 My house should no such rude disorders know,
 As from high drinking consequently flow ;
 Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
 To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
 If any neighbour came, he should be free,
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
 In my retreat, or to himself or me. }
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason gave,
 All men may, with impunity, receive :
 But the least swerving from their rule 's too much ;
 For what 's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great ;
 I 'd choose two friends, whose company would be
 A great advance to my felicity :
 Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
 Discreet, and men as well as books have known :
 Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose behaviour, or formality :

Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
 Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
 In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just;
 Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
 By solid reason, and let that decide:
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
 Nor busy medlers with intrigues of state:
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
 Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true
 As dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.
 In their society I could not miss
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I 'd
 (For who would so much satisfaction lose, [choose
 As witty nymphs, in conversation, give).
 Near some obliging modest fair to live:
 For there 's that sweetness in a female mind,
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
 That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
 Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I 'd have her reason all her passion sway:
 Easy in company, in private gay:
 Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
 Still constant to herself, and just to me.

A foul

A soul she should have for great actions fit ;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit :
Courage to look bold danger in the face ;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base ;
Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I 'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much :
That shews a want of judgment, and of sense ;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd ;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind :
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride ;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd :
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall :
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I 'd sometimes retire ;
Her conversation would new joys inspire ;
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
But so divine, so noble a repast
I 'd seldom, and with moderation, taste :
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a use ;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I 'd

I 'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I 'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I 'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who 'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I 'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I 'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I 'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I 'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

L O V E

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

THO' gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious breast
All the long night, and drove away my rest;

Just as the dawning day began to rise,
A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes;
But active fancy to strange regions flew,
And brought surprizing objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love.
Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which most delighted: all was fine:
The noble product of some Power Divine.
But as I travers'd the obliging shade,
Which myrtle, jessamine, and roses, made,
I saw a person whose celestial face
At first declar'd her goddess of the place:
But I discover'd, when approaching near,
An aspect full of beauty, but severe.
Bold and majestic; every awful look
Into my soul a secret horror struck.
Advancing farther on, she made a stand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand:
Then thus began—Bright Deity! (for so
You are, no mortals such perfections know)

I may

I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this strange place, or by what powerful aid,
I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Instruct me then, that I no longer may
In darkness serve the goddess I obey.

Youth! she reply'd, this place belongs to one,
By whom you'll be, and thousands are undone.
These pleasant walks, and all these shady bowers,
Are in the government of dangerous powers.
Love's the capricious master of this coast;
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.
I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,
Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings;
But have an empire of a nobler kind:
My regal seat's in the celestial mind;
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
I rule, and make those happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within's at rest;
No stormy passion revels in my breast:
But when my power is despicable grown,
And rebel appetites usurp the throne,
The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys;
But all is tumult, and eternal noise.
Know, youth! I'm Reason, which you've oft despis'd;
I am that Reason, which you never priz'd:
And though my argument successless prove,
(For Reason seems impertinence in love)
Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind
Are to my guardianship by Heaven assign'd).

Into

Into the grasp of any ruin run,
 That I can warn them of, and they may shun.
 Fly, youth, these guilty shades; retreat in time,
 Ere your mistake's converted to a crime:
 For ignorance no longer can atone,
 When once the error and the fault is known.
 You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
 Imprudently to value all that shines,
 In these retirements freely to possess
 True joy, and strong substantial happiness:
 But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
 In crowds, her tributary Fops appear;
 Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,
 Consume them all in her fallacious ways.
 Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules
 In this capacious realm of idle fools;
 Who, by false hearts, and popular deceits,
 The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
 'Tis easy to descend into the snare,
 By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
 But safely to return from this abode,
 Requires the wit, the prudence of a god:
 Though you, who have not tasted that delight,
 Which only at a distance charms your sight,
 May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart:
 Which lost is subject to eternal smart.
 Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,
 Is truly great; nor would I make it less:
 That were to wrong her, where she merits most;
 But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.

And

And who would run, that 's moderately wise,
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize ?
If you miscarry, you are lost so far
(For there 's no erring twice in love and war)
You 'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
Those chains you 'll find it difficult to bear.
Delia has charms, I own; such charms would move
Old age, and frozen impotence to love :
But do not venture, where such danger lies ;
Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,
Whose poisonous rays do to the soul impart
Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.
You draw, insensibly, destruction near ;
And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light pains you labour under now,
Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow ;
You'll find them much more grievous to be borne,
When heavier made by an imperious scorn :
Nor can you hope, she will your passion hear
With softer notions, or a kinder ear,
Than those of other swains ; who always found,
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give
Whate'er you 'd ask, nay, all you can receive ;
The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,
Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,
You 'd have but small encouragement to boast
The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.
Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,
What strange inquietudes Love always brings !

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 15

The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,
 Which still attend upon this fond disease :
 How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine ;
 Call every feature, every look, divine :
 Command each sentence with an humble smile ;
 Though nonsense, swear it is a heavenly style :
 Servilely rail at all she disapproves ;
 And as ignobly flatter all she loves :
 Renounce your very sense, and silent sit,
 While she puts off impertinence for wit :
 Like setting-dog, new whipp'd for springing game,
 You must be made, by due correction, tame.
 But if you can endure the nauseous rule
 Of woman, do ; love on, and be a fool.
 You know the danger, your own methods use ;
 The good or evil 's in your power to choose :
 But who 'd expect a short and dubious bliss
 On the declining of a precipice ;
 Where if he slips, not fate itself can save
 The falling wretch from an untimely grave ?
 Thou great directress of our minds, said I,
 We safely on your dictates may rely ;
 And that which you have now so kindly prest,
 Is true, and, without contradiction, best :
 But with a steady sentence to control
 The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,
 While gay temptations hover in our sight,
 And daily bring new objects of delight,
 Which on us with surprizing beauty smile,
 Is difficult ; but is a noble toil.

The

The best may slip, and the most cautious fall;
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
And though fair Delia has my soul possess'd,
I'll chace her bright idea from my breast:
At least, I'll make one essay. If I fail,
And Delia's charms o'er Reason do prevail,
I may be, sure, from rigid censures free,
Love was my foe; and Love's a deity.

Then she rejoin'd; may you successful prove,
In your attempt to curb impetuous Love:
Then will proud passion on her rightful lord,
You to yourself, I to my throne restor'd:
But to confirm your courage, and inspire
Your resolution with a bolder fire,
Follow me, youth! I'll shew you that shall move
Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love.

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,
Which melancholy yew and cypress made;
Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow isle;
The water round it gave a nauseous smell,
Like vapours steaming from a sulphurous cell.
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,
O'er-grown with hemlock, on supporters stood;
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view:
'T was both an hospital, and bedlam too.
Before the entrance, mouldering bones were spread,
Some skeletons entire, some lately dead;
A little rubbish loosely scatter'd o'er
Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.

No funeral rites to any here were paid,
 But dead like dogs into the dust convey'd.
 From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,
 Through various turnings to a spacious vault,
 Where I beheld, and 't was a mournful sight,
 Vast crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
 But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had ;
 Which made the prospect more amazing sad. }
 Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad :
 Some swearing loud, and others laughing : Some
 Were always talking ; others always dumb.
 Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,
 And quenches with his blood his amorous fires :
 There hangs a second ; and, not far remov'd,
 A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.
 All sorts of madness, every kind of death,
 By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,
 Were here expos'd before my wandering eyes,
 The sad effects of female treacheries ;
 Others I saw, who were not quite bereft
 Of sense, though very small remains were left,
 Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,
 For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.
 These on the left.—Upon the right a view
 Of equal horror, equal misery too ;
 Amazing ! all employ'd my troubled thought,
 And, with new wonder, new aversion brought.
 There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
 Of pale, lean mortals ; some lay stretch'd along

On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor ;
Others extended naked on the floor ;
Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,
And know no end of misery till they die,
But death, which comes in gay and prosperous days,
Too soon, in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much power,
I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more :
For sure that flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descended, by some few degrees,
From this stupendous scene of miseries ;
Bold Reason brought me to another cave,
Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.
Here, youth, she cry'd, in the acutest pain,
'Those villains lie, who have their fathers slain,
Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to please
Ambitious, proud, revengeful mistresses ;
Who, after all their services, preferr'd
Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
Before those wretches ; who, despairing, dwell
In agonies no human tongue can tell.
Darkness prevents the too amazing sight ;
And you may bless the happy want of light.
But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,
Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
So very sad I could endure no more ;
Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then to my guide said I, For pity now
Conduct me back ; here I confirm my vow.

Which,

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 19

Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The charms of beauty I 'll no more pursue :
Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too.

Then we return'd to the delightful grove ;
Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love.
You see, she cry'd, what misery attends
On Love, and where too frequently it ends ;
And let not that unweildy passion sway
Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.
The masculine, brave spirit scorns to own
The proud usurper of my sacred throne ;
Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
To the false god, or sacrifice, or praise.
The Syren's music charms the sailor's ear ;
But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear :
And, if you listen, Love's harmonious voice
As much delights, as certainly destroys.
Ambrosia mix'd with Aconite may have
A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave :
For though the latent poison may be still
A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
But who'd partake the food of gods, to die
Within a day, or live in misery ?
Who 'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
A poniard hung but by a single thread * ?
Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,
And either kill, or surfeit, ail that eat ;

* The feast of Democles.

Who, when the fated appetite is tir'd,
E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You 've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charms
Of Delia, though she courts you to her arms:
And sure I may your resolution trust;
You 'll never want temptation, but be just.
Vows of this nature, youth, must not be broke;
You 're always bound, though 't is a gentle yoke.
Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,
Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few:
For nothing can oppose his tyranny,
With such a prospect of success as I.
Me he detests, and from my presence flies,
Who knows his arts, and stratagems despise,
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,
'To make himself the deity of fools:
Him dully they adore, him blindly serve,
Some while they 're fots, and others while they starve;
For those who under his wild conduct go,
Either come coxcombs, or he makes them so;
His charms deprive, by their strange influence,
The brave of courage, and the wise of sense:
In vain philosophy would set the mind
At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
A while may struggle, but at last submit:
Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem
But empty chat, impertinence to him:
His opiates seize so strongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain:

If, therefore, you resolve to live at ease,
 To taste the sweetness of internal peace;
 Would not for safety to a battle fly,
 Or choose a shipwreck, if afraid to die;
 Far from these pleasurable shades remove,
 And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This said, she vanish'd, and methought I found
 Myself transported to a rising ground;
 From whence I did a pleasant vale survey,
 Large was the prospect, beautiful, and gay,
 There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
 Whose curious forms oblig'd the wondering sight;
 Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,
 With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd:
 Others, in shady groves, retir'd from noise,
 The seat of private and exalted joys.

At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood
 A stately building in a spacious wood,
 Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
 High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,
 Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days,
 In rustic dancing, and delightful plays.
 But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
 I heard from far cœlestial music sound:
 So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all
 The artful charming notes did rise and fall;
 My soul, transported with the graceful airs,
 Shook off the pressures of its former fears:
 I felt afresh the little god begin
 To stir himself, and gentle move within.

Then I repented I had vow'd no more
 'To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
 Why am I now condemn'd to banishment,
 And made an exile, by my own consent?
 I sighing cry'd, why should I live in pain
 Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
 O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do!
 Inhuman to himself, and false to you!
 'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remove
 From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:
 But is not Reason partially unkind?
 Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?
 Must none, that under her dominion live,
 To Love and Beauty veneration give?
 Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
 With a majestic mien, and charming face?
 Why did she give her that surprizing air;
 Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair;
 Mistress of all that can affection move,
 If Reason will not suffer us to love?
 But, since it must be so, I'll haste away;
 'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.
 From you, blest shades! (if I may call you so
 Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:
 Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;
 I may find safety, but I buy it dear.

Then turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,
 Such as of old were messengers of joy:
 Who art thou, or from whence? if sent, said I,
 To me, my haste requires a quick reply.

I come,

I come, he cry'd, from yon celestial grove,
 Where stands the temple of the God of Love;
 With whose important favour you are grac'd,
 And justly in his high protection plac'd:
 Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
 Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod:
 That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
 The bold, the bravest, nay, the best, have bow'd:
 That god, whom all the lesser gods adore;
 First in existence, and the first in power.
 From him I come, on embassy divine,
 To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine;
 To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;
 Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
 If you dare push your fortune, if you dare
 But be resolved, and press the yielding fair,
 Success and glory will your labours crown;
 For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
 But, were you sure to be unkindly us'd,
 Boldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd;
 He greater glory and more fame obtains,
 Who loses Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
 But, to prevent all fears that may arise,
 (Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wise)
 In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
 Where all things past, and present, and to come,
 Are writ, I saw these words—"It is decreed,
 "That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed."
 What would you more? While youth and vigour last,
 Love, and be happy; they decline too fast.

In youth alone you 're capable to prove
The mighty transports of a generous love;
For dull old-age, with fumbling labour, cloy
Before the bliss, or gives but wither'd joys.
Youth 's the best time for action mortals have;
That past, they touch the confines of the grave.
Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,
Quick to the blissful, happy mansion fly,
Where all is one continu'd extasy.
Delia impatiently expects you there:
And sure you will not disappoint the fair.
None but the impotent or old would stay,
When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh! you convey, said I, dear charming boy,
Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.
I would, but dare not, your advice pursue;
I 've promis'd Reason, and I must be true,
Reason 's the rightful empress of the soul;
Does all exorbitant desires control;
Checks every wild excursion of the mind,
By her wise dictates happily confin'd:
And he that will not her commands obey,
Leaves a safe convoy in a dangerous sea.
True, I love Delia to a vast excess,
But I must try to make my passion less:
Try if I can, if possible, I will,
For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil.
Oh! had I not, with what a vigorous flight
Could I pursue the quarries of delight!

How

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 25

How could I press fair Delia in these arms,
 Till I dissolv'd in love, and she in charms !
 But now no more must I her beauties view ;
 Yet tremble at her thoughts to leave her too.
 What would I give, I might my flame allow !
 But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a vow ;
 Two mighty obstacles : though Love of old
 Has broke through greater, stronger powers control'd.
 Should I offend, by high example taught,
 'T would not be an inexpressible fault,
 The crimes of malice have found grace above,
 And sure kind Heaven will spare the crimes of Love.
 Could'st thou, my angel, but instruct me how
 I might be happy, and not break my vow ;
 Or, by some subtle art, dissolve the chain ;
 You 'd soon revive my dying hopes again.
 Reason and Love, I know, could ne'er agree ;
 Both would command, and both superior be.
 Reason 's supported by the sinewy force
 Of solid argument, and wise discourse :
 But Love pretends to use no other arms
 Than soft impressions, and persuasive charms.
 One must be disobey'd ; and shall I prove
 A rebel to my Reason, or to Love ?
 But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,
 Delia may be unkind, and faithless too ;
 Reject my passion with a proud disdain,
 And scorn the love of such an humble swain :
 Then should I labour under mighty grief,
 Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief.

So

So that, methinks, 't is safer to obey
 Right Reason, though she bears a rugged sway,
 Than Love's soft rule, whose subjects undergo,
 Early or late, too sad a share of woe.

Can I so soon forget that wretched crew,
 Reason just now expos'd before my view?
 If Delia should be cruel, I must be
 A sad partaker of their misery.

But your encouragements so strongly move,
 I'm almost tempted to pursue my love:
 For sure no treacherous designs should dwell
 In one that argues and persuades so well;
 For what could Love by my destruction gain?
 Love's an immortal god, and I a swain;
 And sure I may without suspicion trust
 A god, for gods can never be unjust.

Right you conclude, reply'd the smiling boy;
 Love ruins none, 'tis men themselves destroy:
 And those vile wretches which you lately saw,
 Transgress'd his rules, as well as Reason's law.
 They're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of Lust;
 Nor is their punishment so great as just.
 For Love and Lust essentially divide,
 Like day and night, Humility and Pride;
 One darkness hides, t' other does always shine;
 This of infernal make, and that divine.
 Reason no generous passion does oppose;
 'Tis Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes.
 She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame,
 Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came:

In

In this her precepts should obedience find ;
 But yours is not of that ignoble kind.
 You err in thinking she would disapprove
 The brave pursuit of honourable love :
 And therefore judge what 's harmless an offence ;
 Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.
 She could not such insipid counsel give,
 As not to love at all ; 'tis not to live ;
 But, where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
 And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.
 Could you contented see th' angelic maid
 In old Alexis' dull embraces laid ?
 Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms,
 Which are in heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms ?
 Consider, youth, what transport you forego,
 The most intire felicity below ;
 Which is by fate alone reserv'd for you :
 Monarchs have been deny'd ; for monarchs sue.
 I own 'tis difficult to gain the prize ;
 Or 't would be cheap and low in noble eyes :
 But there is one soft minute, when the mind
 Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind ;
 Which the wise lover understanding right,
 Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
 You urge your vow, but can those vows prevail,
 Whose first foundation and whose reason fail ?
 You vow'd to leave fair Delia ; but you thought
 Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault.
 But since your judgment err'd, it has no force
 To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of course ;

And

And therefore hesitate no longer here,
But banish all the dull remains of fear.
Dare you be happy, youth ? but dare, and be ;
I 'll be your convoy to the charming she.
What ! still irresolute ? debating still ?
View her, and then forsake her if you will.

I 'll go, said I ; once more I 'll venture all ;
'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.
Beauty no mortal can resist ; and Jove
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.
Reason, if I do err, my crime forgive :
Angels alone without offending live.
I go astray but as the wise have done ;
And act a folly which they did not shun.

Then we, descending to a spacious plain,
Were soon saluted by a numerous train
Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours,
With constant jollity, in shady bowers.
There I beheld the blest variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free :
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight ;
Though all went different ways, yet all went right.
None err'd, or mis'd the happiness he sought ;
Love to one centre every twining brought.
We pass'd through numerous pleasant fields and glades,
By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful shades ;
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood ;
Round the celestial fane, in goodly rows,
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows ;

Beneath

Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait
 For the kind minute of indulgent fate :
 Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,
 By secret motions, was to warm the fair ;
 To kindle eager longings for the joy ;
 To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering sight ;
 Of vast extent, and of prodigious height :
 The case was marble, but the polish'd stone
 With such an admirable lustre shone,
 As if some architect divine had strove
 T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove ;
 The ponderous gates of massy gold were made,
 With diamonds of a mighty size inlaid ;
 Here stood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
 With shining darts and golden quivers grac'd :
 As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
 And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling strings ;
 The grateful youth is come, to sacrifice
 At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes :
 With harmony divine his soul inspire,
 That he may boldly touch the sacred fire ;
 And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,
 Cœlestial incense and perfumes prepare ;
 While our great god her panting bosom warms,
 Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.

Entering the spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes
 A wondrous scene of glory did surprize :
 The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all
 Did equally for admiration call !

But

But the description is a labour fit
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made
Of solid gold, where adoration 's paid;
Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,
And bid me touch the consecrated flame:
Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd,
By it her guardian Cupid always stands,
Who troops of missionary Loves command:
To him, with soft addresses all repair:
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair:
Though still in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
There stands the youth, he cry'd, must take a bliss,
The lovely Delia can be none but his:
Fate has selected him; and mighty Love
Confirms below what that decrees above.
Then press no more; there's not another swain
On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
Your vows; swear you 'll eternally be true.
But if you dare be false, dare perjurd prove,
You 'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love
As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.
Hear me, ye gods, said I, now hear me swear,
By all that 's sacred, and by all that 's fair!

If I prove false to Delia, let me fall
The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!
Let me the utmost of your vengeance try;
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die!

Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,
Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid.
The blushing colour in her cheeks express'd
What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.
Sometimes a sigh half-smother'd stole away;
Then she would Strephon, charming Strephon, say;
Sometimes she, smiling, cry'd, You love 'tis true;
But will you always, and be faithful too?
Ten thousand graces play'd about her face;
Ten thousand charms attending every grace:
Each admirable feature did impart
A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.
The nymph * imprison'd in the brazen tower,
When Jove descended in a golden shower,
Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
Brought down that god from the neglected skies.
So moving, so transporting was the sight;
So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright;
My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught,
Lay all dissolv'd in extasy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd: but, as I trembling drew
Nearer, to make a more obliging view,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

* Danaë.

THE

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

AS Strephon, in a wither'd cypress shade,
 For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,
 Revolving lay upon his wretched state,
 And the hard usage of too partial Fate;
 Thus the sad youth complain'd : Once happy swain,
 Now the most abject shepherd of the plain !
 Where 's that harmonious concert of delights,
 Those peaceful days, and pleasurable nights,
 That generous mirth and noble jollity,
 Which gaily made the dancing minutes flee ?
 Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled breast ;
 Nor leave me one short interval of rest.

Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,
 And play in torment such a losing game ?
 All things conspire to make my ruin sure :
 When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
 But Heaven sometimes does a miraculous thing,
 When our last hope is just upon the wing ;
 And in a moment drives those clouds away,
 Whose sullen darkness hid a glorious day.

Why was I born, or why do I survive ;
 To be made wretched only, kept alive ?
 Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,
 That I must live, yet live in misery.
 Are all its pleasing happy moments gone ?
 Must Strephon be unfortunate alone ?

On other swains it lavishly bestows;
 On them each nymph neglected favour throws:
 They meet compliance still in every face,
 And lodge their passions in a kind embrace;
 Obtaining from the soft incurious maid
 True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
 Success on Mævius always does attend;
 Inconstant fortune is his constant friend:
 He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit;
 And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
 But, let him conquer ere one blow he struck;
 I'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius's luck.
 Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
 For all the trophies purring Mævius gains;
 But rather still live Delia's slave, than be
 Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.
 But he is happy, loves the common road;
 And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load.
 If Phyllis peevish or unkind does prove,
 It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.
 A little joy his languid flame contents,
 And makes him easy under all events.
 But when a passion's noble and sublime,
 And higher still would every moment climb;
 If 't is accepted with a just return,
 The fire's immortal, will for ever burn;
 And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,
 That saints in paradise are scarce more blest.

But I lament my miseries in vain;
 For Delia hears me, pitiless, complain.

Supposes she pities, and believes me true,
 What satisfaction can from thence accrue,
 Unless her pity makes her love me too?
 Perhaps she loves ('t is but perhaps, I fear,
 For that 's a blessing can 't be bought too dear)
 If she has scruples that oppose her will,
 I must, alas! be miserable still.
 Though, if she loves, those scruples soon will fly
 Before the reasoning of the Deity:
 For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
 And suffer no co-partner in his throne;
 And those false arguments that would repel
 His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.

What method can poor Strephon then propound,
 To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
 If she, who guided the vexatious dart,
 Resolves to cherish and increase the smart?
 Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,
 Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love:
 Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate,
 Tell them the cruelty of frowning Fate;
 Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind,
 Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.
 And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent
 (For sure they cannot be of large extent);
 In prayers for her thou lov'st, resign thy breath,
 And bless the minute gives thee ease and death.

Here paus'd the swain—when Delia driving by
 Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,

By Love directed, did her steps convey
 Where Strephon, wrapp'd in silent sorrow, lay,
 As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
 He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said :

When humble suppliants would the gods appease,
 And in severe afflictions beg for ease,
 With constant importunity they sue,
 And their petitions every day renew;
 Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,
 Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
 Till Heaven those blessings they enjoy'd before,
 Not only does return, but gives them more.

O, do not blame me, Delia! if I press
 So much, and with impatience, for redress.
 My ponderous griefs no ease my soul allow;
 For they are next t' intolerable now:
 How shall I then support them, when they grow
 To an excess, to a distracting woe?
 Since you 're endow'd with a celestial mind,
 Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind.
 Did you perceive the torments I endure,
 Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,
 They would your virgin soul to pity move,
 And pity may at last be chang'd to love.
 Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,
 And lead the incautious maid into a snare;
 But let them suffer for their perjury,
 And do not punish others crimes with me.
 If there 's so many of our sex untrue,
 Yours should more kindly use the faithful few;

Though innocence too oft incurs the fate
Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.
Your nature is to tendernefs inclin'd ;
And why to me, to me alone unkind ?
A common love, by other persons shewn,
Meets with a full return ; but mine has none :
Nay, scarce believ'd, though from deceit as free
As angels flames can for archangels be.
A paſſion feign'd, at no repulſe is griev'd,
And values little if it be n't receiv'd :
But, love ſincere reſents the ſmalleſt ſcorn,
And the unkindneſs does in ſecret mourn.

Sometimes I pleaſe myſelf, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by deſpair :
That tenderneſs, which in your ſoul is plac'd,
Will move you to compaſſion ſure at laſt.
But, when I come to take a ſecond view
Of my own merits, I deſpond of you :
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, ſee,
To raiſe in her the leaſt eſteem for me :
I've nought that can encourage my addreſs ;
My fortune 's little, and my worth is leſs :
But, if a love of the ſublimeſt kind
Can make impreſſion on a generous mind ;
If all has real value that 's divine,
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.

Perhaps you pity me ; I know you muſt,
And my affection can no more diſtruſt :
But what, alas ! will helpleſs pity do ?
You pity, but you may deſpiſe me too.

Still I am wretched if no more you give,
 The starving orphan can't on pity live :
 He must receive the food for which he cries,
 Or he consumes ; and, though much pity'd, dies.

My torments still do with my passion grow ;
 The more I love, the more I undergo.
 But suffer me no longer to remain
 Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain.
 My wound requires some speedy remedy :
 Delays are fatal, when despair is nigh.
 Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell ;
 Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
 When will the end of all my sorrows be ?
 Can you not love ? I'm sure you pity me.
 But, if I must new miseries sustain,
 And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,
 I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such,
 I please too little, and I love too much.

Strephon, no more ; the blushing Delia said,
 Excuse the conduct of a timorous maid :
 Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true,
 Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
 Each kind expression, every tender thought,
 A mighty transport in my bosom wrought :
 And though in secret I your flame approv'd,
 I sigh'd, and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd.
 Though now—O Strephon ! be so kind to guess,
 What shame will not allow me to confess.

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,
 Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.

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THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT. 37

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Though now—O Strephon ! be so kind to guess,
What shame will not allow me to confess.

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.

By too sublime an extasy possest,
 He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast;
 Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
 Vow'd endless truth, and everlasting love.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CELADON.

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace
 Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze.
 But happy those, who, by a prudent care,
 Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.

The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free
 From the same failure you condemn in me:
 They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,
 Forgot what Plato and themselves had said.
 Love triumph'd o'er those dull, pedantic rules,
 They had collected from the wrangling schools,
 And made them to his noble sway submit,
 In spite of all their learning, art, and wit:
 Their grave, starch'd morals, then unuseful prov'd;
 These dusty characters he soon remov'd;
 For, when his shining squadrons came in view,
 Their boasted reason murmur'd, and withdrew;
 Unable to oppose their mighty force
 With phlegmatic-resolves, and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,
 I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard;
 My faults you too severely reprehend,
 More like a rigid censor than a friend.

Love

Love is the monarch passion of the mind,
 Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,
 But triumphs still, impatient of control,
 O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,
 When in the bud her native beauties were ;
 Your praise did then her early charms confess,
 Yet you 'd persuade me to adore her less.
 You but the non-age of her beauty saw,
 But might from thence sublime ideas draw,
 And what she is, by what she was, conclude ;
 For now she governs those she then subdued.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown,
 And every charm in its full vigour known.
 There we may wondering view, distinctly writ,
 The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit :
 Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,
 Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast ;
 And her composure 's of so fine a frame,
 Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal Beauties of the skies
 Contended naked for the golden prize,
 The apple had not fall'n to Venus' share,
 Had I been Paris, and my Delia there ;
 In whom alone we all their graces find,
 The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
 With Juno's aspect, and Minerva's mind.

View both those nymphs whom other swains adore,
 You 'll value charming Delia still the more.

Dorinda's mien 's majestic, but her mind
 Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd :
 Myrtilla 's fair ; and yet Myrtilla 's proud :
 Chloe has wit ; but noisy, vain, and loud :
 Melania doats upon the filliest things ;
 And yet Melania like an angel sings.
 But in my Delia all endowments meet,
 All that is just, agreeable, or sweet ;
 All that can praise and admiration move,
 All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourse she 's apposite and gay,
 And ne'er wants something pertinent to say ;
 For, if the subject 's of a serious kind,
 Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd ;
 But if divertive, her expression 's fit,
 Good language, join'd with inoffensive wit ;
 So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
 An idle thought the charity of words.

The vices common to her sex can find
 No room, ev'n in the suburbs of her mind ;
 Concluding wisely she 's in danger still,
 From the mere neighbourhood of industrious ill.
 Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,
 Whose near approach would formidable grow ;
 While the unwary virgin is undone,
 And meets the misery which she ought to shun.

Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay ;
 But let true judgment and right reason sway ;
 Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend ;
 Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.

Her

Her darts are keen, but level'd with such care,
 They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far :
 For when she rallies, 'tis with so much art,
 We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart.

O, Celadon ! you would my flame approve,
 Did you but hear her talk of love.

That tender passion to her fancy brings
 The prettiest notions, and the softest things ;
 Which are by her so movingly express'd,
 They fill with extasy my throbbing breast.
 'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
 Their native glories unimprov'd by art :
 By what she says I measure things above,
 And guess the language of seraphic love.

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,
 By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,
 When evening comes, we secretly repair
 To breathe in private, and unbend our care :
 And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,
 Some well-design'd, instructive poem read ;
 Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,
 At once delight and cultivate the mind :
 Which are by her to more perfection brought,
 By wise remarks upon the poet's thought ;
 So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,
 The empty found of words from solid sense.
 The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,
 Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
 Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass
 For standard gold, when 't is but gilded brass.

Of

Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
Where first we mutually engag'd to love,
She smiling ask'd me, Whether I 'd prefer
An humble cottage on the plains with her,
Before the pompous building of the great;
And find content in that inferior state?
Said I, The question you propose to me,
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
Were the degrees of my affection less
Than burning martyrs to the gods express.
In you I 've all I can desire below,
That earth can give me, or the gods bestow;
And, blest with you, I know not where to find
A second choice, you take up all my mind.
I 'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,
Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign
For all the splendor that a court can give,
Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.
Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known
(Too fatally related to a throne)
Forsook Oenone, and his rural sports,
For dangerous greatness, and tumultuous courts;
Yet Fate should still offer its power in vain;
For what is power to such an humble swain?
I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
Though half the globe should be assign'd my share.
And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
Become the basest and the worst of men?
O, do not urge me, Celadon; forbear;
I cannot leave her, she 's too charming fair!

Should

Should I your counsel in this case pursue,
 You might suspect me for a villain too :
 For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
 Just to his friend, who 's faithless to his love.

EPISTLE TO DELIA.

AS those who hope hereafter heaven to share,
 A rigorous exile here can calmly bear,
 And, with collected spirits, undergo
 The sad variety of pain below ;
 Yet, with intense reflections, antedate
 The mighty raptures of a future state ;
 While the bright prospect of approaching joy
 Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy :
 So, though I 'm toss'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
 Ev'n to the confines of my native land ;
 Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,
 And break its waves upon the foaming shore :
 Though from my Delia banish'd ; all that 's dear,
 That 's good, or beautiful, or charming here :
 Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,
 And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give ;
 That the dark treasury of times contains
 A glorious day, will finish all my pains :
 And, while I contemplate on joys to come,
 My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb.
 Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,
 (When truth 's conspicuous, we need not swear ;

Oaths

Oaths will suppose a diffidence in you,
 That I am false, my flame fictitious too)
 Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,
 Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
 I'd scorn whate'er the busy world could give;
 'T would be the worst of miseries to live:
 For all my wishes and desires pursue,
 All I admire, or covet here, is you.
 Were I possess'd of your surprizing charms,
 And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms;
 Then would my joys ascend to that degree,
 Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft, as I wander in a silent shade,
 When bold vexations would my soul invade,
 I banish the rough thought, and none pursue,
 But what inclines my willing mind to you.
 The soft reflections on your sacred love,
 Like sovereign antidotes, all cares remove;
 Composing every faculty to rest,
 They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,
 I think o'er all the stories of our love.
 What mighty pleasure have I oft possess'd,
 When, in a masculine embrace, I prest
 The lovely Delia to my heaving breast!
 Then I remember, and with vast delight,
 The kind expressions of the parting night:
 Methought the sun too quick return'd again,
 And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.

Strong

Strong and contracted was our eager blifs;
An age of pleasure in each generous kifs:
Years of delight in moments we compriz'd;
And heaven itself was there epitomiz'd.

But, when the glories of the eastern light
O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night;
Farewell, my Delia, O farewell! said I,
The utmost period of my time is nigh:
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,
And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.
But, though I must my native plains forego,
Forfake these fields, forsake my Delia too;
No change of fortune shall for ever move
The settled base of my immortal love.

And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter plain!
The darling of my soul so soon remov'd!
The only valu'd, and the best lov'd!
Though other swains to me themselves address'd,
Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest:
Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd;
Little themselves, their passions less, esteem'd:
For my aversion with their flames increas'd,
And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
Though I 'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's sight,
Joy of the day, and blessing of the night;
Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me still?
However, flatter me and say you will.
For, should you entertain a rival love;
Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove;

No

No mortal e'er could half so wretched be :
 For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your beauty, nymph, said I, my faith secures ;
 Those you once conquer, must be always yours :
 For, hearts subdued by your victorious eyes,
 No force can storm, no stratagem surprize ;
 Nor can I of captivity complain,
 While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
 The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
 Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms ;
 But I can never such a monster prove,
 To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.
 Would those who at celestial tables sit,
 Blest with immortal wine, immortal wit ;
 Choose to descend to some inferior board,
 Which nought but scum and nonsense can afford ?
 Nor can I e'er to those gay nymphs address,
 Whose pride is greater, and whose charms are less :
 Their tinsel beauty may, perhaps, subdue
 A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulsome beau ;
 But seem at best indifferent to me,
 Who none but you with admiration see.

Now, would the rolling orbs obey my will,
 I 'd make the sun a second time stand still,
 And to the lower world their light repay,
 When conquering Joshua robb'd them of a day :
 Though our two souls would different passions prove ;
 His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.
 It will not be ; the sun makes haste to rise,
 And take possession of the eastern skies ;

Yet

Yet one more kiss, though millions are too few;
And, Delia, since we must, must part, adieu.

As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driven
From Eden's groves, the vicinage of Heaven;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harsh impressions of a ruder air;
With mighty sorrow, and with weeping eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of paradise:
With a concern like his did I review
My native plains, my charming Delia too;
For I left paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,
It brings your fair idea to my mind:
Such was the happy place, I, sighing, say,
Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay;
When first I did my tender thoughts impart,
And made a grateful present of my heart.
Or, if my friend, in his apartment, shews
Some piece of Van Dyck's, or of Angelo's,
In which the artist has, with wondrous care,
Describ'd the face of one exceeding fair;
Though, at first sight, it may my passion raise,
And every feature I admire and praise;
Yet still, methinks, upon a second view,
'Tis not so beautiful, so fair as you.
If I converse with those whom most admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious, wit;
They want some amiable, moving grace,
Some turn of fancy that my Delia has:

For

For ten good thoughts amongst the crowd they vent,
Methinks ten thousand are impertinent.

Let other shepherds, that are prone to range,
With each caprice, their giddy humours change:
They from variety less joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains
(What they enjoy 's the refuse of the plains)
If, for my share of happiness below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would bestow;
Whatever blessings it can give beside,
Let all mankind among themselves divide.

A PASTORAL ESSAY ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN
MARY, ANNO 1694.

AS gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd,
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had
Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found [stray'd,
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground.
Amaz'd, with eager haste he ran to know
The fatal cause of her intemperate woe;
And, clasping her to his impatient breast,
In these soft words his tender care exprest.

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia? Why appears
My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears?
Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer slain,
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain?
Or, has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep?
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep?

Speak,

Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increase,
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?
'Tis for—I cannot the sad tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting spirits fled;
'Tis for Cælestia—Strephon, Oh—She 's dead!
The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,
By an untimely dart, untimely slain!

STREPHON.

Dead! 'Tis impossible! She cannot die:
She 's too divine, too much a Deity:
'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread,
Who wish, perhaps, the good Cælestia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! No; the truth in every face appears;
For every face you meet 's o'erflow'd with tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran through all the plain,
From flock to flock, and ask'd of every swain,
But each scarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd, Oh, Cosmelia! Oh, Cælestia 's dead?

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-brooding croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which strait by lightning was in shivers broke.
But we our mischief feel, before we see;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to bestow,
No pompous things to make a glorious shew

(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring,
In rural numbers, is to mourn and sing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy shade, rehearse
Cælestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

STREPHON.

Cælestia dead ! Then 'tis in vain to live ;
What 's all the comfort that the plains can give ;
Since she, by whose bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone ;
Since she, who round such beams of goodness spread
As gave new life to every swain, is dead ?

COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring ;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When she, for whom the spacious plains were spread
With early flowers and chearful greens, is dead ?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to summer fruits a winter birth ;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields ;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store
Of nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then to all that 's gay :
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with chearful songs, in cooling bowers,
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours :
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Cælestia 's dead.

COSMELIA.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays
 Of great Cælestia's name, Cælestia's praise :
 How good she was, how generous, how wise !
 How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes !
 How charming all ; how much she was ador'd,
 Alive ; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd !
 A noble theme, and able to inspire
 The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.
 And since we do of such a princess sing,
 Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing ;
 And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
 Her name will make the harmony divine.
 Raise then thy tuneful voice ; and be the song
 Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,
 And left Cælestia here to rule alone ;
 With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
 When storms arose, did she the vessel steer !
 And when the raging of the waves did cease,
 How gentle was her sway in times of peace !
 Justice and mercy did their beams unite,
 And round her temples spread a glorious light ;
 So quick she eas'd the wrongs of every swain,
 She hardly gave them leisure to complain :
 Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
 Th' avenging sword of necessary law :
 Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy ;
 With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,
 Return'd in triumph to Cælestia's arms,
 She met her hero with a full desire;
 But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire:
 Such mutual flames, so equally divine,
 Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,
 His could not seem the greater, her's the less;
 Both were immense, for both were in excess.

STREPHON.

Oh, godlike princess! Oh, thrice happy swains!
 Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains!
 Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,
 To mingle with the kindred of the skies.
 Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ;
 The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy!

COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
 There wisdom sat, with solid reason join'd:
 There too did piety and greatness wait;
 Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state:
 Humble amidst the splendors of a throne;
 Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.
 And when a crown was forc'd on her by fate,
 She with some pains submitted to be great.

STREPHON.

Her pious soul with emulation strove
 To gain the mighty Pan's important love:
 'To whose mysterious rites she always came,
 With such an active, so intense a flame;

The duties of religion seem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least alloy,
Pure as the light of a celestial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the soul
With such a soft, but absolute control,
That, as she knew what best great Pan would please,
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.
Him for her high exemplar she design'd,
Like him, benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood;
And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good:
Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation, Power)
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illustrious lord,
His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd:
Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,
The noble passion every hour improv'd:
Till it ascended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her so entire a duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey;
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

COSMELIA.

Mature for Heaven, the fatal mandate came,
 With it a chariot of ethereal flame ;
 In which, Elijah like, she pass'd the spheres ;
 Brought joy to Heaven, but left the world in tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,
 All glorious, all incomparably bright !
 While the immortal minds around her gaze
 On the excessive splendor of her rays ;
 And scarce believe a human soul could be
 Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much ! O, who can mourn
 Enough o'er beautiful Cælestia's urn !
 So great a loss as this deserves excess
 Of sorrows ; all 's too little that is less.
 But, to supply the universal woe,
 Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow :
 All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
 With throbbing breasts, Cælestia's fate bemoan ;
 While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
 And echo back those cries they cannot make.

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful vales) and spring with yew !
 Ye thirsty, barren mountains, weep with dew !
 Let every flower on this extended plain
 Not droop, but shrink into its womb again,
 Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth !
 Let every thing that 's grateful leave the earth !

Let

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY. 55

Let mournful cypress, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms, in their place succeed !
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with grief,
Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief ;
Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,
Tell your astonish'd springs, Cælestia's dead !

COSMELIA.

Well have you sung, in an exalted strain,
The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.
Who knows but some officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey !
That she may smile upon us from above,
And bless our mournful pains with peace and love !

STREPHON.

But see, our flocks do to their folds repair ;
For night with fable clouds obscures the air :
Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,
And safety bids us to our cottage fly.
Though with each morn our sorrows will return ;
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we 'll sing and mourn, }
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,
Where every morning soon new troubles brings,
But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.

Angelic forms, and happy spirits, are
Above the malice of perplexing care :
But that 's a blessing too sublime, too high,
For those who bend beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
And but one passion could torment the mind ;
That part, that passion, busy fate would find :
But, since infirmities in both abound,
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound :
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,
With all the glories of estate and birth,
Had yet some anxious care, to make him know,
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
To be from all things that disquiet, free.
Is not consistent with humanity.

Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,
O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,
We think the person who enjoys so much,
No care can move, and no affliction touch ;
Yet could we but some secret method find
To view the dark recesses of the mind,
We there might see the hidden seed of strife,
And woes in embryo ripening into life :
How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills
The labouring spirit with prolific ills ;
Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,
And all right reason's godlike powers control ;

But

But if she must not be allow'd to sway
 Though all without appears serene and gay,
 A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
 And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible success
 Sometimes contribute to our happiness ;
 But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
 Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd.
 Then, to whatever end affliction 's sent,
 To try our virtues, or for punishment,
 We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
 And still adore the hand that gives the blow :
 For, in misfortunes this advantage lies ;
 They make us humble, and they make us wise ;
 And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
 An ample recompence for all his pains.

Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate
 The pious fervours of the soul abate ;
 Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
 And gloomy vapour round the spirits raise.
 Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie,
 And find our ruin in security ;
 Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
 And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.
 But as we are allow'd, to cheer our fight,
 In blackest days, some glimmerings of light ;
 So, in the most dejected hours we may
 The secret pleasure have to weep and pray :
 And those requests the speediest passage find
 To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind :

And

And while to him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
The finest music of the grove we owe
To mourning. Philomel's harmonious woe ;
And while her grief 's in charming notes express'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast ;
In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak 's our judgment, and so short 's our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right :
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
T' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance.
So that when Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends ;
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundless wisdom and eternal love,
To place it on himself, or human aid,
Will meet those woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keenest agonies of grief,
Content 's a cordial that still gives relief :
Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes ;
And, if with humble spirits they complain,
Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

T O A N O T H E R F R I E N D
U N D E R A F F L I C T I O N .

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell
 An easy conquest to the powers of hell,
 There 's none in every stage of life can be
 From the insults of bold affliction free.
 If a short respite gives us some relief,
 And interrupts the series of our grief,
 So quick the pangs of misery return,
 We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought,
 By wise philosophy, and serious thought,
 Support the soul beneath the ponderous weight
 Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate;
 Then is the time she should exert her power,
 And make us practice what she taught before.
 For why are such voluminous authors read,
 The learned labours of the famous dead,
 But to prepare the mind for its defence,
 By sage results, and well-digested sense;
 That, when the storm of misery appears,
 With all its real or fantastic fears,
 We either may the rolling danger fly,
 Or stem the tide before it swells too high.

But though the theory of wisdom 's known
 With ease, what should, and what should not be done;
Yet

Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be, in more than words and notion, wise ;
The sacred truth of sound philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,
Right reason would its haughty rage control ;
But, if it may n't be suffer'd to endure,
The pain is just, when we reject the cure.
For many men, close observation finds,
Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,
And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes ;
As if they understood not how to be
Or wise, or brave, but in felicity ;
And by some action, servile or unjust,
Lay all their former glories in the dust.
For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his enemies :
So that, when most his prudence should be shewn,
The most imprudent, giddy things are done.
For when the mind 's surrounded with distress,
Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,
And render it incapable to make
Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.
Yet there 's a steadiness of soul and thought,
By reason bred, and by religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

In sharp misfortunes, some will search too deep
What Heaven prohibits, and would secret keep :

But

But those events 'tis better not to know,
Which known, serve only to increase our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to pursue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
For, had our earliest parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd
Their joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er since my folly most to wisdom rise;
And few are, but by sad experience, wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left:
Consider too, how many thousands are
Under the worst of miseries, despair;
And do n't repine at what you now endure;
Custom will give you ease, or time will cure:
Once more consider, that the present ill,
Though it be great, may yet be greater still;
And be not anxious; for, to undergo
One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.
But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to misery,
Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:
You are not more, and be not less than man!

Afflictions past can no existence find,
But in the wild ideas of the mind:

And

And why should we for those misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?
Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unless their reason they disown,
Still make those dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can see;
It may be joy: suppose it misery;
'Tis future still; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the present ill alone we ought
To view, in reason, with a troubled thought:
But, if we may the sacred pages trust,
He's always happy, that is always just.

T O H I S F R I E N D
I N C L I N E D T O M A R R Y.

I Would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a state;
For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior, nor above her state.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry:

For

TO A FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY. 63

For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour close with thine ;
Unless where yours does to a fault incline ;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, straight and free
From natural, or chance, deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine ;
For women past their vigor, soon decline :
Her fortune competent ; and, if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine 's enough, then hers may be the less :
Do not aspire to riches in excess.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

TO A PAINTER DRAWING
DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmost of thy judgment shew ;
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo :
With all the liveliness of thought express
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou canst not flatter, where such beauty dwells ;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art, excels.
Others less fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces, which sparing Nature never gave :
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee ;

So

So great, so many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright,
No human skill can e'er express them all,
But must do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel sits.

Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity;
And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause:
But when compar'd, you 'll be oblig'd to own,
No art can equal what 's by Nature done.
Great LELY's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the person drew:
He took the best that Nature could impart,
And made it better by his powerful art.
But had he seen that bright, surprizing grace,
Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the essays of his skill;
She must have been confest the fairest still.

Heaven in a landscape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can shine;
But still the real glories of the place
All art, by infinite degrees, surpass.

TO THE PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD FINISHED
DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man can do;
Only Dorinda's self more charms can shew.
Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;
But still the beauties of her face are such
As cannot justly be describ'd; though all
Confess 't is like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmost Nature, or that Art, can do;
Each is a master-piece, design'd so well,
That future times may strive to parallel;
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

C R U E L T Y A N D L U S T .

A N E P I S T O L A R Y E S S A Y *.

WHERE can the wretched'st of all creatures fly,
To tell the story of her misery?
Where, but to faithful Cælia, in whose mind
A manly bravery's with soft pity join'd.
I fear, these lines will scarce be understood,
Blurr'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood;

* This piece was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Western Rebellion, 1685, who debauched a young lady with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

But if you can the mournful pages read,
 The sad relation shews you such a deed,
 As all the annals of th' infernal reign
 Shall strive to equal, or exceed in vain.

Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,
 Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears;
 Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral sighs,
 Deploring widows shrieks, and orphans cries.
 At every health the horrid monster quaff'd,
 Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd he laugh'd:
 Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
 Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.
 Oh, curst place!—I can no more command
 My pen: shame and confusion shake my hand:
 But I must on, and let my Cælia know
 How barbarous are my wrongs, how vast my woe.

Among the crowds of Western youths who ran
 To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy man *,
 My husband, fatally uniting, went;
 Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event.
 But when the battle was by treachery won,
 The chief, and all but his false friend, undone;
 Though, in the tumult of that desperate night,
 He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight;
 Yet the sagacious bloodhounds, skill'd too well
 In all the murdering qualities of hell,
 Each secret place so regularly beat,
 They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat,

* The Duke of Monmouth.

As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To sure destruction hurry them away;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son
With Charion to the common butchery run;
Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,
To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.
Our friends, by powerful intercession, gain'd
A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compassion move
The savage general; but in vain they strove.
When I perceiv'd that all addressees fail'd,
And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd;
Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,
To make the last effort, what tears could do.
Low on my knees I fell; then thus began:
Great genius of success, thou more than man!
Whose arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,
And carry'd conquest round the trembling world!
Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,
Your sword, your conduct, and your cause, attend.
Here now the arbiter of fate you sit,
While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.
Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give
But this one thing: Oh, let but Charion live!
And take the little all that we possess.
I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress
Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread:
Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.

The fall of such a youth no lustre brings
To him whose sword performs such wondrous things
As saving kingdoms, and supporting kings.
That triumph only with true grandeur shines,
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,
Took not more pleasure to submit, than spare:
And since in battle you can greater be,
That over, be n't less merciful than he.
Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,
And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown;
In future histories fill each mournful page
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:
And, while his annals are with horror read,
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
Oh! do not fully with a sanguine dye
(The foulest stain) so fair a memory!
Then, as you 'll live the glory of our isle,
And Fate on all your expeditions smile:
So when a noble course you 've bravely ran,
Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.
None can the turns of Providence foresee,
Or what their own catastrophe may be;
Therefore, to persons labouring under woe,
That mercy they may want, should always shew:
For in the chance of war the slightest thing
May lose the battle, or the victory bring.
And how would you that general's honour prize,
Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice?

He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
To justice forfeits his opprobrious head :
But 't is unhappy Charion's first offence,
Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence,
To take the injuring side by error brought ;
He had no malice, though he has the fault.
Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,
But, the half-innocent, the tempted, save ;
Vengeance divine, though for the greatest crime,
But rarely strikes the first or second time :
And he best follows th' Almighty's will,
Who spares the guilty he has power to kill.
When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,
And wild disorders in a land create,
'T is requisite the first promoters should
Put out the flames they kindled with their blood :
But sure 't is a degree of murder all
That draw their swords should undistinguish'd fall.
And since a mercy must to some be shewn,
Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one :
For as none guilty has less guilt than he,
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

When David's general had won the field,
And Absalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd.
The trumpets founding made all slaughter cease,
And mislead Israelites return'd in peace.
The action past, where so much blood was spilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt ;
But all concludes with the desir'd event,
The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.

As great example your great courage warms,
And to illustrious deeds excites your arms ;
So when you instances of mercy view,
They should inspire you with compassion too :
For he that emulates the truly brave,
Would always conquer, and should always save.

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,
(Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)
Madam, his life depends upon my will,
For every rebel I can spare or kill.
I'll think of what you've said : this night return
At ten, perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn.
Go, see your husband, bid him not despair ;
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.

When anxious miseries the soul amaze,
And dire confusion in the spirits raise,
Upon the least appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief ;
Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow,
Which through false optics our deliverance shew,
For while we fancy danger does appear
Most at a distance, it is oft too near,
And many times, secure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambuscade of woes.

Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey,
Of this blood-thirsty fiend, in durance lay.
When Charion saw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head :

Oh!

Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,
And in some distant clime thy virtue hide!
Here nothing but the foulest dæmons dwell,
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell.
The air they breathe is every atom curst:
There's no degree of ills, for all are worst.
In rapes and murders they alone delight,
And villanies of less importance slight:
Act them indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd,
For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.
Neronior's chief of this infernal crew,
And seems to merit that high station too:
Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,
By Asmodai and Moloc both possess'd.
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my soul into an agony;
Not that I would not for my freedom give
What's requisite, or do not wish to live;
But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
Or buy a few short years with long disgrace;
Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
With ignominy to preserve my breath,
Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
But if I can't my life with honour save,
With honour I'll descend into the grave.
For though revenge and malice both combine
(As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,
I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.

But what is death we so unwisely fear?
An end of all our busy tumults here:
The equal lot of poverty and state,
Which all partake of by a certain fate.
Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,
At divers ages, and by divers ways,
Will find them from this noisy scene retire;
Some the first minute that they breathe, expire:
Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go;
But die, before they good or evil know.
Here one to puberty arrives; and then
Returns lamented to the dust again:
Another there maintains a longer strife
With all the powerful enemies of life;
Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,
He drops into the dark, and disappears.
I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see
Times future, long and late posterity,
'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But since substantial grief so soon destroys
The gust of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life, than it can merit, give!

Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,
The boundless realms of vast eternity;
Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell;
But who their government or laws can tell?
What's their employment till the final doom
And time's eternal period shall come?

Thus

Thus much the sacred oracles declare,
 That all are blest'd or miserable there;
 Though, if there 's such variety of fate,
 None good expire too soon, nor bad too late.
 For my own part, with resignation, still
 I can submit to my Creator's will;
 Let him recall the breath from him I drew,
 When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
 The way of dying is my least concern;
 That will give no disturbance to my urn.
 If to the seats of happiness I go,
 There end all possible returns of woe:
 And when to those blest mansions I arrive,
 With pity I 'll behold those that survive.
 Once more I beg, you 'd from these tents retreat,
 And leave me to my innocence and fate.

Charion, said I, Oh, do not urge my flight!
 I 'll see the event of this important night:
 Some strange presages in my soul forebode,
 The worst of miseries, or the greatest good.
 Few hours will shew the utmost of my doom;
 A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.
 If you miscarry, I 'm resolv'd to try
 If gracious Heaven will suffer me to die:
 For, when you are to endless raptures gone,
 If I survive, 't is but to be undone.
 Who will support an injur'd widow's right,
 From sly injustice, or oppressive might?
 Protect her person, or her cause defend?
 She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend:

I've

I've no distrust of Providence; but still
'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill:
And those can have no reason to repent,
Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.
But to a world of everlasting bliss
Why would you go, and leave me here in this!
'Tis a dark passage; but our foes shall view,
I'll die as calm, though not so brave, as you:
That my behaviour to the last may prove
Your courage is not greater than my love.

The hour approach'd; as to Neronior's tent,
With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,
A thousand horrors throng'd into my breast,
By sad ideas and strong fears possess'd:
Where'er I pass'd, the glaring lights would shew
Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood;
And at his feet, just through the body run,
Struggling for life, was laid his only son;
By whose hard labour he was daily fed,
Dividing still, with pious care, his bread:
And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
'The sole support of his decrepid years,
The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows,
With blasphemous derision, mock'd his woes.

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow fate.
High in the boughs the murder'd father hung;
Beneath, the children round the mother clung:

They

They cry'd for food, but 't was without relief:
For all they had to live upon, was grief.
A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
No creature, merely human, long could bear.
First in her arms her weeping babes she took,
And, with a groan, did to her husband look:
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cry'd,
Pity me, Saviour of the world! and dy'd.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd;
Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept,
Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept:
Each every hour did the black message dread,
Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,
A comely youth, and of no common birth,
To execution led; who hardly bore
The wounds in battle he receiv'd before:
And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
They did me to the general convey:
Who thus began——
Madam! by fresh intelligence, I find,
That Charion's treason 's of the blackest kind;
And my commission is express to spare
None that so deeply in rebellion are:
New measures therefore 't is vain to try;
No pardon can be granted; he must die.

Must,

Must, or I hazard all: which yet I 'd do
To be oblig'd in one request by you:
And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,
Be mine this night, I 'll set your husband free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success
By supple flattery, and by soft address;
The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,
Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies hearts.
But I can no such whining methods use:
Consent, he lives; he dies, if you refuse.

Amaz'd at this demand; said I, The brave,
Upon ignoble terms, disdain to save:
They let their captives still with honour live,
No more require, than what themselves would give;
For, generous victors, as they scorn to do
Dishonest things, scorn to propose them too.
Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,
Should with no devious appetite be join'd:
For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,
Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.
Great men their actions of a piece should have;
Heroic all, and each intirely brave;
From the nice rules of honour none should swerve;
Done, because good, without a mean reserve.

The crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy youth,
May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.
Suppose the accusation justly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought;
Yet mercies next to infinite abate
Offences next to infinitely great:

And

And 't is the glory of a noble mind,
In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.
Your prince's frowns if you have cause to fear,
This act will more illustrious appear;
Though his excuse can never be withstood,
Who disobey, but only to be good.
Perhaps the hazard 's more than you express;
The glory would be, were the danger less.
For he that, to his prejudice, will do
A noble action, and a generous too,
Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown
Than he that has a thousand battles won.
Do not invert divine compassion so,
As to be cruel, and no mercy shew!
Of what renown can such an action be,
Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me?
Though, if you finally resolve to stand
Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,
He must submit; if 't is my fate to mourn
His death, I 'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.
Well, madam, haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.
But to prevent all prospect of a flight,
Some of my * lambs shall be your guard to-night:
By them, no doubt, you 'll tenderly be us'd;
They seldom ask a favour that 's refus'd:
Perhaps you 'll find them so genteely bred,
They 'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.

* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers his lambs.

Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
The night must pass delightfully along :
And in the morning, since you will not give
What I require, to let your husband live,
You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
And gently swing into the arms of death.
His fate he merits, as to rebels due :
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

Oh Cælia, think ! so far as thought can shew,
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast !
By all things sad and terrible possess'd.
In vain I wept, and 't was in vain I pray'd,
For all my prayers were to a tiger made :
A tiger ! worse ; for, 't is beyond dispute,
No fiend 's so cruel as a reasoning brute.
Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,
With all the squadrons of despair and grief,
Ruin—it was not possible to shun :
What could I do ? Oh ! what would you have done ?

The hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,
With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with consummate grief,
Beyond expression, and above belief,
Madam, the monster cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the fair that 's kind ;
Step to the door, I 'll shew you such a sight,
Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.
Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,
Become the gibbet, and adorn the string ?

You

You need not now an injur'd husband dread;
Living he might, he 'll not upbraid you dead.
'T was for your sake I seiz'd upon his life;
He would perhaps have scorn'd so chaste a wife.
And, madam, you 'll excuse the zeal I shew,
To keep that secret none alive should know.

Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
The devils, said I, are dull in cruelty.
Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
And wasteless their eternal hunger feed;
In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
The burning earnest of a hotter hell;
May that vile lump of execrable lust
Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust!
May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,
With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath;
And the worst torments that the damn'd should share,
In thine own person all united bear!

Oh Cælia! oh my friend! what age can shew
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Because it can 't be everlasting here:
But it's so vast, that it can ne'er increase:
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A—— WITH
THE COUNTESS OF S——.

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves:
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair;
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,
And eager pulses with strange motions beat:
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart:
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong:
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long:
Now she is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then something is forgot:
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from every thought arise;
What loves persuades, I know not what denies.

Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And shews at once he can be wise and love;
Because it from no spurious passion came,
But was the product of a noble flame:
Bold, without rudeness; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light:
By just degrees it to perfection grew;
An early ripeness, and a lasting too.

MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A. 81

So the bright sun ascending to his noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But, though Achates was unkindly driven
From his own land, he's banish'd into heaven :
For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love,
Are next, if only next, to those above.
Thus Power Divine does with his foes engage ;
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage :
For first it did to fair Cosmelia give
All that a human creature could receive ;
Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
Transport the soul, or gratify the sight.
Then in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.

What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen ;
Their awful glories, and their godlike mien :
For, in her aspect all the graces meet ;
All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet :
There every charm in lofty triumph fits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits :
There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.
So newly finish'd by the hand Divine,
Before her fall, did the first woman shine.
But Eve in one great point she does excel :
Cosmelia never err'd at all ; she fell.
From her temptation, in despair withdrew ;
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by serious thought,

Her actions with a watchful eye surveys;
Each passion guides, and every moment sways;
Not the least failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that 's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,
And to the noblest end her labours guides:
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue.
That the weak only and the wavering lack,
When they 're mistaken, to conduct them back.
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy, strong, vivacious, and sublime,
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime;
And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
For each expression, every teeming thought,
Is to the scanning of her judgment brought;
Which wisely separates the finest gold,
And casts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,
But all 's pathetic, all is sterling sense;
Refin'd from drossy chat, and idle noise,
With which the female conversation cloy.
So well she knows, what 's understood by few,
To time her thoughts, and to express them too;
That what she speaks does to the soul transmit
The fair idea of delightful wit.

Illustrious

MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A. 83

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
 By great example to wise actions led :
 Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
 She owes, but to her own high genius more ;
 And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
 Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd ;
 Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,
 Scarce angels greater be, or faints so bright.

But, if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,
 Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
 Achates merits her, though none but he :
 Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise ;
 Resolv'd in action, and in counsel wise ;
 Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
 For threats to force, or flattery to win.
 Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood ;
 He dares be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in paradise were join'd,
 Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
 Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives :
 In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives.
 Each is to other the divinest bliss ;
 He is her heaven, and she is more than his.
 O may the kindest influence above
 Protect their persons, and indulge their love !

A N I N S C R I P T I O N

F O R T H E

MONUMENT OF DIANA, COUNTESS
OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONII & ELGINI Comitissa;

Q U Æ

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:

Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.

Vitam ineuntem innocentia;

Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors:

Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit;

(Volente Numine)

Ut nuspiam decesset aut virtus aut felicitas,

Duobus conjuncta maritis

Utrique charissima:

Primum

{Quem ad annum habuit)

Impense dilexit:

Secundum

(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)

Tanta pietate & amore coluit;

Ut qui, vivens,

Obsequium, tanquam patri præstitit;

Moriens,

Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.

Noverca

ON THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD. 85

Noverca cum esset,
Maternam pietatem facile superavit.
Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,
Ut non tam domina familiæ præesse,
Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.

Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.

THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION
ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA, Countess of OXFORD and ELGIN;

WHO from a race of noble heroes came,
And added lustre to its ancient fame:
Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,
But with inferior brightness to her own:
Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,
The greatest mortal could not greater be.
Each stage of life peculiar splendor had;
Her tender years with innocence were clad:
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good,
In the retinue of her virtues stood;
And at the final period of her breath,
She crown'd her life with a propitious death;
That no occasion might be wanting here
To make her virtues fam'd, or joys sincere.

Two noble lords her genial bed possess;
 A wife to both, the dearest and the best.
 Oxford submitted in one year to fate;
 For whom her passion was exceeding great.
 To Elgin full six Lustra were assign'd:
 And him she lov'd with so intense a mind,
 That, living like a father, she obey'd;
 Dying, as to a son, left all she had.
 When a step-mother, she soon soar'd above
 The common height even of maternal love.
 She did her numerous family command
 With such a tender care, so wise a hand,
 She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,
 Than godlike souls in human bodies are.
 But when to all she had example shew'd,
 How to be great and humble, chaste and good,
 Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,
 Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

UPON
THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.
A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Εἷς ἔστιν Θεὸς
Ὃς ἔβρανον τέτυχε καὶ γαῖαν μακρὰν. SOPHOC.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.

WHENCE sprang this glorious frame? or when
began

Things to exist? They could not always be;
To what stupendous energy
Shall we ascribe the origin of man?
That Cause, from whence all beings else arose,
Must self-existent be alone;
Intirely perfect, and but one;
Nor equal nor superior knows:
Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.
If that, in false opinion, we allow,
That once there absolutely nothing was,
Then nothing could be now.
For, by what instrument, or how,
Shall non-existence to existence pass?
Thus, something must from everlasting be;
Or matter, or a Deity.

If

If matter only uncreate we grant,
 We shall volition, wit, and reason, want;
 An agent infinite, and action free;
 Whence does volition, whence does reason, flow?
 How came we to reflect, design, and know?

This from a nobler nature springs,
 Distinct in essence from material things:
 For, thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow,

But, if we own a God supreme,
 And all perfection 's possible in him;
 In him does boundless excellence reside,
 Power to create, and providence to guide;
 Unmade himself, could no beginning have,
 But to all substance prime existence gave:
 Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

P O W E R.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance
 Could never fill the globes of light,
 So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
 The lofty concave of the vast expanse:
 These could proceed from no less power than infinite.
 There 's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
 Nor essence intellectual, but took
 Existence when the great Creator spoke,
 And from the common womb of empty nothing came.
 Let substance be, he cry'd; and straight arose
 Angelic, and corporeal too;
 All that material nature shews,

And

And what does things invifible compofe,
 At the fame instant fprung, and into being flew :
 Mount to the convex of the higheft fphere,
 Which draws a mighty circle round
 Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound ;
 There millions of new miracles appear :
 There dwell the eldeft fons of power immense,
 Who firft were to perfection wrought
 Firft to complete exiftence brought,
 To whom their Maker did difpenfe
 The largeft portions of created excellence,
 Eternal now, not of neceffity,
 As if they could not ceafe to be,
 Or were from poffible deftruction free ;
 But on the will of God depend :
 For that which could begin, can end.
 Who, when the lower worlds were made,
 Without the leaft mifcarriage or defect,
 By the almighty Architect,
 United adoration paid,
 And with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

III.

Philofophy of old in vain effay'd
 To tell us how this mighty frame
 Into fuch beauteous order came ;
 But, by falfe reasonings, falfe foundations laid :
 She labour'd hard ; but ftill the more ſhe wrought,
 The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.

Some-

Sometimes the fancy'd things to be
 Coeval with the Deity,
 And in the form which now they are
 From everlasting ages were.
 Sometimes the casual event,
 Of atoms floating in a space immense,
 Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense;
 But, by a lucky accident,
 Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excellence.
 'Twas an establish'd article of old,
 Chief of the philosophic creed,
 And does in natural productions hold;
 That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed:
 Material substance never could have rose,
 If some existence had not been before,
 In wisdom infinite, immense in power.
 Whate'er is made, a maker must suppose,
 As an effect a cause that could produce it shews.
 Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,
 And only forms to things, not being, give;
 That from Omnipotence they must receive:
 But the eternal self-existent mind
 Can, with a single Fiat, cause to be
 All that the wondrous eye surveys,
 And all it cannot see.
 Nature may shape a beauteous tree,
 And art a noble palace raise,
 But must not to creative power aspire;
 But their God alone can claim,
 As pre-existing substance doth require:
 So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

W I S D O M.

Matter produc'd, had still a chaos been :
 For jarring elements engag'd,
 Eternal battles would have wag'd,
 And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous scene ;
 If wisdom infinite, for less
 Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,
 Or strength complete to labouring Nature yield,
 Had not, with actual address,
 Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and establish'd peace.
 Whate'er this visible creation shews
 That 's lovely, uniform, and bright,
 That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
 To her its eminence and beauty owes.
 By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,
 Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind ;
 To which they steadily advance,
 Mov'd by right Reason's high command,
 Or guided by the secret hand
 Of real instinct, or imaginary chance.
 Nothing but men reject her sacred rules ;
 Who from the end of their creation fly,
 And deviate into misery :
 As if the liberty to act like fools
 Were the chief cause that Heaven made them free.

P R O V I D E N C E.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,
Who, finite, will attempt to scan
The works of him that 's infinitely wise,
And those he cannot comprehend, denies;
As if a space immense were measurable by a span.
Thus the proud sceptic will not own
That Providence the world directs,
Or its affairs inspects;
But leaves it to itself alone.

How does it with almighty grandeur suit,
To be concern'd with our impertinence;
Or interpose his power for the defence
Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute?
Villains could never so successful prove,
And unmolested in those pleasures live,
Which honour, ease, and affluence give;
While such as Heaven adore, and virtue love,
And most the care of providence deserve,
Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.

What reason can the wisest shew,
Why murder does unpunish'd go,
If the Most High, that 's just and good,
Intends and governs all below,
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless blood?
But shall we things unsearchable deny,
Because our reason cannot tell us why
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?

'Tis

'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
To comprehend how matter should be brought
From nothing, as existent be
From all eternity ;

And yet that matter is, we feel and see :
Nor is it easier to define,

What ligatures the soul and body join ;
Or, how the memory does th' impression take
Of things, and to the mind restores them back.
Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
Direct and govern this capacious all,
How soon would things into confusion fall !

Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,
And blazing comets rule the troubled air ;
Wide inundations, with resistless force,
The lower provinces o'erflow,
In spite of all that human strength could do
To stop the raging sea's impetuous course :
Murder and rapine every place would fill,
And sinking virtue stoop to prosperous ill ;
Devouring pestilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,

If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.
Let the brave speak, who oft has been
In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,
How he 's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free ;
And though he does ten thousand see

Fall

Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
 Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.
 Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor shew,
 To what invifible protecting power
 He did his life and fafety owe,
 When the loud ftorm his well-built vefſel tore,
 And a half-ſhatter'd plank convey'd him to the ſhore.
 Nay, let th' ungrateful ſceptic tell us how
 His tender infancy protection found,
 And helpſeſ childhood was with fafety crown'd,
 If he 'll no Providence allow;
 When he had nothing but his nurſe's arms
 To guard him from innumerable fatal harms:
 From childhood how to youth he ran
 Securely, and from thence to man;
 How, in the ſtrength and vigour of his years,
 The feeble bark of life he ſaves,
 Amidſt the fury of tempeſtuous waves,
 From all the dangers he foreſees, or fears;
 Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis ſteers,
 If Providence, which can the ſeas command,
 Held not the rudder with a ſteady hand.

O M N I P R E S E N C E.

VII.

'Tis happy for the ſons of men, that he,
 Who all exiſtence out of nothing made,
 Supports his creatures by immediate aid:
 But then this all-intending Deity
 Muſt Omnipreſent be:

For

For how shall we by demonstration shew
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he 's not present every where,
And always so ?

What 's not perceptible by sense, may be
Ten thousand miles remote from me,
Unless his nature is from limitation free.

In vain we for protection pray ;
For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,
And offer up our hymns and praise ;
In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.
An absent god from ruin can defend

No more than can an absent friend ;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make returns,

When the loud music sounds, or victim burns,
Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.
If so, 'tis equally in vain

The prosperous sings, and wretched mourns ;
He cannot hear the praise, or mitigate the pain.
But by what Being is confin'd.
The Godhead we adore ?

He must have equal or superior power.
If equal only, they each other bind,
So neither 's God, if we define him right,
For neither 's infinite.

But if the other have superior might
Then he, we worship, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all restraint, and so no Deity.

If God is limited in space; his view,
 His knowledge, power, and wisdom, is so too;
 Unless we 'll own, that these perfections are
 At all times present every where,
 Yet he himself not actually there.
 Which to suppose, that strange conclusion brings,
 His essence and his attributes are different things.

I M M U T A B I L I T Y.

AS the supreme, omniscient mind,
 Is by no boundaries confin'd;
 So Reason must acknowledge him to be
 From possible mutation free:
 For what He is, He was from all eternity.
 Change, whether the effect of force or will,
 Must argue imperfection still.
 But imperfection in a Deity,
 That 's absolutely perfect, cannot be:
 Who can compel, without his own consent,
 A God to change that is omnipotent?
 And every alteration without force,
 Is for the better or the worse.
 He that is infinitely wise,
 To alter for the worse will never choose,
 That a depravity of nature shews:
 And He, in whom all true perfection lies,
 Cannot by change to greater excellencies rise.

If

If God be mutable, which way, or how,
 Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,
 Which did a thousand years ago?
 And 't is impossible to know,
 What He forbids, or what He will allow.
 Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury,
 Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,
 Prohibited by an express command :
 But whether such they still remain to be,
 No argument will positively prove,
 Without immediate notice from above ;
 If the Almighty Legislator can
 Be chang'd, like his inconstant subject, man,
 Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,
 We all intolerable hazards run,
 When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

J U S T I C E.

Rejoice, ye sons of piety, and sing
 Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious name,
 Who was, and will for ever be the same :
 Your grateful incense to his temples bring,
 That from the smoking altars may arise
 Clouds of perfumes to the imperial skies.
 His promises stand firm to you,
 And endless joys will be bestow'd,
 As sure as that there is a God,
 On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths pursue.

Nor should we more his menaces distrust,
 For while he is a Deity he must
 (As infinitely good) be infinitely just.
 But does it with a gracious godhead suit,
 Whose Mercy is his darling attribute,
 To punish crimes that temporary be,
 And those but trivial offences too,
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,
 With everlasting misery?
 This shocks the mind with deep reflections fraught,
 And Reason bends beneath the ponderous thought;
 Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow
 More heinous still, the more they do incense
 That God to whom all creatures owe
 Profoundest reverence:
 Though as to that degree they raise
 The anger of the merciful Most High,
 We have no standard to discern it by,
 But the infliction he on the offender lays.
 So that if endless punishment on all
 Our unrepented sins must fall,
 None, not the least, can be accounted small.
 That God is in perfection just, must be
 Allow'd by all that own a Deity:
 If so, from equity he cannot swerve,
 Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.
 His will reveal'd, is both express and clear;
 "Ye cursed of my Father, go
 "To everlasting woe."
 If everlasting means eternal here,

Duration

ON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 99

Duration absolutely without end ;
Against which sense some zealously contend,
That when applied to pains, it only means,
They shall ten thousand ages last :
Ten thousand, more, perhaps, when they are past ;
But not eternal in a literal sense :
Yet own the pleasures of the just remain
So long as there 's a God exists to reign.
Though none can give a solid reason, why
The word Eternity,
To heaven and hell indifferent join'd,
Should carry sense of a different kind ;
And 't is a sad experiment to try.

G O O D N E S S.

But if there be one attribute divine
With greater lustre than the rest can shine,
'T is goodness, which we every moment see
The godhead exercise with such delight,
It seems, it only seems, to be
The best-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
And more than infinite.

Without that, he could never prove
The proper objects of our praise or love,
Were he not good, he 'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,
Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.

Eternal justice then would be,
But everlasting cruelty ;
Power unrestrain'd, almighty violence ;
And wisdom unconfin'd, but craft immense.
'T is goodness constitutes him that he is ;

And those

Who will deny him this,
A god without a deity suppose.
When the lewd atheist blasphemously swears,

By his tremendous name

There is no god, but all 's a sham ;
Inspid tattle, praise, and prayers,
Virtue, pretence ; and all the sacred rules
Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools :

Justice would strike th' audacious villain dead,
But mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head ;
Gives him protection, and allows him bread.

Does not the sinner whom no danger awes,
Without restraint, his infamy pursue,
Rejoice, and glory in it too ;
Laugh at the power divine, and ridicule his laws ;
Labour in vice his rivals to excel,

That, when he 's dead, they may their pupils tell
How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell ?

Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,
Blessings in common with the best receives ;
Though he is proud t' affront the God those blessings
gives.

The chearful sun his influence sheds on all ;
Has no respect to good or ill :

And

And fruitful showers without distinction fall,
Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures, fill.
The bounteous hand of Heaven bestows
Success and honour many times on those
Who scorn his favourites, and cares his foes.

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty Pindar's strain ;

Though with unequal strength to bear the weight
Of such a ponderous theme so infinitely great :

To this good God, celestial spirits pay,
With extacy divine, incessant praise :
While on the glories of his face they gaze,
In the bright regions of eternal day.
To him each rational existence here,

Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,
In whom there are the least remains.

Of piety or fear,
His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,
For pardon prays, and for protection flies :
Nay, the inanimate creation give,
By prompt obedience to his word,
Instinctive honour to their lord ;

And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion live.
With Heaven and earth then, O my soul, unite,
And the great God of both adore and bless,
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace ;
The only fountains of sincere delight :

That from the transitory joys below,
 Thou by a happy exit may'st remove
 To those ineffable above;
 Which from the vision of the godhead flow,
 And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION
 OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

ALAS, Jerusalem! alas! where's now
 Thy pristine glory, thy unmatched renown,
 To which the heathen monarchies did bow?

Ah, hapless, miserable town!
 Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,
 Thou once most noble, celebrated place,
 The joy and the delight of all the earth;
 Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,
 And bred up heroes, an immortal race?
 Where's now the vast magnificence, which made
 The souls of foreigners adore

Thy wondrous brightness, which no more
 Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade?

Oh misery! where's all her mighty state,

Her splendid train of numerous kings,

Her noble edifices, noble things,

Which made her seem so eminently great,

That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,

and T

And

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION. 103

And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought,
To court her friendship? For her strength they fear'd,
And all her wide protection fought.

But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
See how her lofty buildings lie!
See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!

Where 's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,
That on her festivals were us'd to play
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?

The glittering troops, which did from far,
Bring home the trophies, and the spoils of war,
Whom all the nations round with terror view'd,

Nor durst their godlike valour try?
Where'er they fought, they certainly subdued,
And every combat gain'd a victory.

Ah! where 's the house of the Eternal King:
The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts,
To whose large treasuries our fleet did bring
The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?

There had the infinite Creator plac'd

His terrible, amazing name,
And with his more peculiar presence grac'd
That heavenly sanctum, where no mortal came,
The high-priest only; he but once a year
In that divine apartment might appear:
So full of glory, and so sacred then,
But now corrupted with the heaps of slain,
Which scatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty
fane.

Alas, Jerusalem! each spacious street
Was once so fill'd, the numerous throng
Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,
And thousands did with thousands meet;
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat,
In thee was the bright throne of justice fix'd,
Justice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd!
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Despising the most wealthy bribes;
But did the sacred balance hold
With god-like faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well-built streets, and every noble square,
Were once with polish'd marble laid,
And all his lofty bulwarks made
With wondrous labour, and with artful care.
Thy ponderous gates, surprizing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with solid gold;
Whose splendor did so glorious appear,
It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye;
And strangers passing, to themselves would cry,
What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
How thick the bars of massy silver lie!
O happy people! and still happy be,
Celestial city! from destruction free,
May'st thou enjoy a long, entire prosperity!

But now, oh wretched, wretched place!
Thy streets and palaces are spread
With heaps of carcases, and mountains of the dead,
The bleeding relics of the Jewish race!

Each

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION. 105

Each corner of the town, no vacant space,
But is with breathless bodies fill'd,
Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd,
Natives and strangers are together laid :

Death's arrows all at random flew
Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,
But both the coward and the valiant flew.

All in one dismal ruin join'd,
(For swords and pestilence are blind)
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find :
Those that from far, with joyful haste,
Came to attend thy festival,
Of the same bitter poison taste,

And by the black, destructive poison fall ;
For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.

Oh ! see how the delight of human eyes
In horrid desolation lies !

See how the burning ruins flame !
Nothing now left, but a sad, empty name !
And the triumphant victor cries,
This was the fam'd Jerusalem !

The most obdurate creature must
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,
Those ancient habitations of the just :

And could the marble rocks but know
The miseries of thy fatal overthrow,
They 'd strive to find some secret way unknown,
Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,

Their

Their pity and concern to shew :
For now, where lofty buildings stood,
Thy sons corrupted carcases are laid :
And all by this destruction made
One common Golgotha, one field of blood !
See ! how those ancient men, who rul'd thy state,
And made thee happy, made thee great ;
Who sat upon the awful chair
Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,
The good to cherish, and chastise the bad,
Now sit in the corrupted air,
In silent melancholy, and in sad despair !
See how their murder'd children round them lie !
Ah, dismal scene ! hark how they cry !
Woe ! woe ! one beam of mercy give,
Good Heaven ! alas, for we would live !
Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !
Thus they lament, thus beg for ease ;
While in their feeble, aged arms they hold
The bodies of their offspring, stiff and cold,
To guard them from the ravenous savages :
Till their increasing sorrows death persuade
(For death must sure with pity see
The horrid desolation he has made)
To put a period to all their misery.
Thy wretched daughters that survive,
Are by the heathen kept alive,
Only to gratify their lust,
And then be mix'd with common dust.
Oh ! insupportable, stupendous woe !

What

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION. 107

What shall we do? ah! whither shall we go?
Down to the grave, down to those happy shades below,
Where all our brave progenitors are blest
With endless triumph and eternal rest.

But who, without a flood of tears, can see

Thy mournful, sad catastrophe?

Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
In ashes, and not be in pain to die?
Unhappy, dear Jerusalem! thy woes
Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast excess,

Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or words express,
Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.

Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,
Before this cursed time, this worst of days.
Is death quite tir'd? are all his arrows spent?
If not, why then so many dull delays?
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent!
Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,
Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive; that I
May, happily, be sure to die.

Yet still we live, live in excess of pain!

Our friends and relatives are slain!

Nothing but ruins round us see,

Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery!

Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,

Our enemies without prepare

Their direful engines to pursue the war;

And

And you may slavishly preserve your breath,
Or seek for freedom in the arms of death.

Thus then resolve ; nor tremble at the thought :

Can glory be too dearly bought ?

Since the Almighty wisdom has decreed,
That we, and all our progeny, should bleed,
It shall be after such a noble way,
Succeeding ages will with wonder view

What brave despair compell'd us to !

No, we will ne'er survive another day !

Bring then your wives, your children, all

That 's valuable good or dear,

With ready hands, and place them here ;

They shall unite in one vast funeral.

I know your courages are truly brave,

And dare do any thing but ill :

Who would an aged father save,

That he may live in chains and be a slave,

Or for remorseless enemies to kill ?

Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow :

For, what at any other time would be

The dire effect of rage and cruelty,

Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now !

This then perform'd, we 'll to the battle fly,

And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, expire.

If 't is revenge and glory you desire,

Now you may have them, if you dare but die !

Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity !

A PROS-

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

“ —Sed omnes una manet nox,

“ Et calcanda semel via lethi.”

HORACE.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death
 Our state no alteration knows ;
 But, when we have resign'd our breath,
 Th' immortal spirit goes
 To endless joys, or everlasting woes :
 Wise is the man who labours to secure
 That mighty and important stake ;
 And, by all methods, strives to make
 His passage safe, and his reception sure.
 Merely to die, no man of reason fears ;
 For certainly we must,
 As we are born, return to dust :
 'T is the last point of many lingering years :
 But whither then we go,
 Whither, we fain would know ;
 But human understanding cannot shew.
 This makes us tremble, and creates
 Strange apprehensions in the mind ;
 Fills it with restless doubts, and wild debates,
 Concerning what we, living, cannot find.

None

None know what death is, but the dead;
 Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
 As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
 And scarce have one black, painful hour to live;
 No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve,
 To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;
 How moving, and how mournful, is the sight!
 How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!
 Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
 In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
 To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?
 Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,
 Despairing to recover, void of rest;
 Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die:
 Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
 With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat;
 Faint and irregular the pulses beat;
 The blood unactive grows,
 And thickens as it flows,
 Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.
 Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
 Their light just going out;
 And for some-kind assistance call:
 But pity, useless pity 's all
 Our weeping friends can give,
 Or we receive;
 Though their desires are great, their powers are small,
 The

The tongue 's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miseries we bear;
How insupportable our torments are.
Music no more delights our deafening ears,
Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears;
But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In robes of deepest mourning clad;
For, every faculty, and every sense,
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are sensible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great:
For, all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state
No consolation brings.
Riches and honours then are useless things,
Tasteless, or bitter, all;
And, like the book which the apostle eat,
To the ill-judging palate sweet,
But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,
But the remembrance of good actions past.
Virtue 's a joy that will for ever last,
And makes pale death less terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark anti-chamber of the grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our care and industry have gain'd,
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)

Could

Could we recall those fatal hours again,
Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease!
For then they urge our terrors, and increase our pain,

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,
Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die,
And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:
Their sorrows cannot ours relieve.

They pity our deplorable estate:

But what, alas, can pity do
To soften the decrees of fate?

Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.

All their endeavours to preserve our breath,

Though they do unsuccessful prove,

Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of death.

Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed:

One, with officious haste,

Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;

Another softly raises up our head;

This wipes away the sweat; that, sighing, cries

See what convulsions, what strong agonies,

Both soul and body undergo!

His pains no intermission know;

For every gasp of air he draws, returns in sighs.

Each would his kind assistance lend,

To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend;

But still in vain with destiny they all contend.

Our

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
 Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, adieu!
 Adieu, my child! now I must follow you:
 Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
 Our sons, who, in their tender years,
 Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,
 Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
 Bless us, O father! now before you die;
 Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity.
 Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,
 Compassionate and kind,
 Cries, will you leave me here behind?
 Without me fly to the bless'd seats above?
 Without me, did I say? Ah, no!
 Without thy friend thou canst not go:
 For, though thou leav'st me groveling here below,
 My soul with thee shall upward fly,
 And bear thy spirit company,
 Through the bright passage of the yielding sky.
 Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be
 Incapable to separate
 (For 'tis not in the power of fate)
 My friend, my best, my dearest friend, and me:
 But, since it must be so, farewell;
 For ever! No; for we shall meet again,
 And live like gods, though now we die like men,
 In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell.

The foul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal strife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain,
To keep the counterscarp of life,
By slow degrees, retires towards the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With all its kind artilleries of art;
Botanic legions guarding every port.
But death, whose arms no mortal can repel,
A formal siege disdains to lay;
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a solid peace;
But 'tis all sham, all artifice,
That we may negligent and careless be:
For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear;
His troops return some unsuspected way;
While in the soft embrace of sleep we lie,
The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our first parents' fall,
Inevitable death descends on all;
A portion none of human race can miss
But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.
For, when th' impenitent and wicked die,
Loaded with crimes and infamy;

If any sense at that sad time remains,
 They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains;
 'The earnest of that vast, stupendous woe,
 Which they to all eternity must undergo,
 Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.

Infernal spirits hover in the air,
 Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey,
 And hurry the departed souls away
 To the dark receptacles of despair:
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous day,
 When the loud trump shall call them to appear
 Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe;
 By whose just sentence they must go
 To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,
 Unspotted, regular, and free
 From all the ugly stains of lust and villainy,
 Of mercy and of pardon sure,
 Looks through the darkness of the gloomy night:
 And sees the dawning of a glorious day;
 Sees crowds of angels ready to convey

His soul whene'er she takes her flight
 To the surprizing mansions of immortal light.
 Then the celestial guards around him stand;
 Nor suffer the black dæmons of the air
 T' oppose his passage to the promis'd land,
 Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair;
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.

His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
To plead for mercy when he wants it most ;
Not one of all the happy number 's lost :
And those bright advocates ne'er want success,
But when the soul 's releas'd from dull mortality,
She passes up in triumph through the sky ;
Where she 's united to a glorious throng
Of angels ; who, with a celestial song,
Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

If therefore all must quit the stage,
When, or how soon, we cannot know ;
But, late or early, we are sure to go ;
In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age ;
We cannot take too sedulous a care,
In this important, grand affair :
For as we die, we must remain ;
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our peace with Heaven, or to return again.
The heathen, who no better understood
Than what the light of nature taught, declar'd,
No future misery could be prepar'd
For the sincere, the merciful, the good ;
But, if there was a state of rest,
They should with the same happiness be blest
As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possess.
We have the promise of th' eternal truth,
Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
To man, and to their Maker, true,
Let them expire in age, or youth,

A PROSPECT OF DEATH. 117

Can never miss

Their way to everlasting bliss :

But from a world of misery and care

To mansions of eternal ease repair ;

Where joy in full perfection flows,

And in an endless circle moves,

Through the vast round of beatific love,

Which no cessation knows.

ON THE
GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,
AND ENSUING JUDGMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

"Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus.

"Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaue regia cœli

"Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa laborat." OVID. Met.

NOW the black days of universal doom,
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come :
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,
Must sinking nature undergo ;
Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow !
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,
With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
Fill the presaging skies ;

Unable to support the weight
Or of the present, or approaching miseries.
Methinks I hear her summon all
Her guilty offspring raving with despair,
And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
Ye sublunary powers, t' attend my funeral!

See, see the tragical portents,
Those dismal harbingers of dire events!
Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
Through the dark concave of the troubled sky;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.

See how the glaring meteors blaze!
Like baleful torches, O they come,
To light dissolving Nature to her tomb!
And, scattering round their pestilential rays,
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.

Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,
By an impetuous wind are driven
Through all the regions of the inferior heaven;
Till, hid in sulphurous smoke, they seemingly expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see,
What mad confusion rages over all
This scorching ball!

No country is exempt, no nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic misery.

What dismal havoc of mankind is made
By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,
Through the whole mournful earth?

Which with a murdering fury they invade,
Forsook by Providence, and all propitious aid!

Whilst

Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage employ,
 To ruin all things here below ;
 Their malice and revenge no limits know,
 But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly,
 For safety to their champain ground.
 But there no safety can be found ;
 The vengeance of an angry Deity,
 With unrelenting fury, does inclose them round :
 And whilst for mercy some aloud implore
 The God they ridicul'd before ;
 And others, raving with their woe,
 (For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)
 Blaspheme and curse the Power they should adore :
 The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends,
 And opening wide a dreadful tomb,
 The howling multitude at once descends
 Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads
 In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,
 Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
 And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.
 Sometimes the fire within divides
 The massy rivers of those secret chains,
 Which hold together their prodigious sides,
 And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains :
 While towns and cities, every thing below,
 Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

No showers descend from the malignant sky,
To cool the burning of the thirsty field ;
The trees no leaves, no grass the meadows, yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little rivulets no more
To larger streams their tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they ;
Which, with a strange unusual roar,
Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd
before :

And to the monstrous deep in vain retire :
For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,
But belching subterraneous fires,
Increases still the scalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd
At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,
Which on the whole creation seize,
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.
The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears
Like a huge mass of black corrupted blood ;
For she herself a dissolution fears.
The larger planets, which once shone so bright,
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their centre, without motion lie,
Unwieldy globes of solid night,
And ruinous lumber of the sky.

Amidst

ON THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION. 121

Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,
(For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,
Fill every region of the tortur'd earth and air)
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;
At whose amazing sound fresh agonies

Upon expiring nature seize :

For now she 'll in few minutes know
The ultimate event and fate of all below.

Awake, ye dead, awake, he cries ;
(For all must come)

All that had human breath, arise,
To hear your last, unalterable doom.

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd
So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,

No longer could his sceptre hold ;
But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.

The scatter'd particles of human clay,
Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,
Resume their pristine forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal men.

Stupendous energy of sacred Power,
Which can collect whatever cast
The smallest atoms, and that shape restore
Which they had worn so many years before,
That through strange accidents and numerous changes
past !

See how the joyful angels fly
From every quarter of the sky,

To

To gather and to convoy all
The pious sons of human race,
To one capacious place,
Above the confines of this flaming ball.
See with what tenderness and love they bear
Those righteous souls through the tumultuous air;
Whilst the ungodly stand below,
Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,
Amidst the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.
Round them infernal spirits howling fly;
O horror, curses, tortures, chains! they cry
And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy. }

Hark how the daring sons of infamy
Who once dissolv'd in pleasures lap,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day.
To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry,
But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.
Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongst the burning ruins of the world,
And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.
Time was they would not own a Deity,
Nor after death a future state;
But now, by sad experience, find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face, they'd cease to be.
And

ON THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION. 123

And sure 'tis better, if Heaven would give consent,
To have no being ; but they must remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent !

But now, the eastern skies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,
And to the sublunary world his passage bends ;
Where, cloath'd with human nature, he did once reside.
Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,
To their celestial king ;

All glory, power, dominion, majesty,
Now, and for everlasting ages, be
To the Essential One, and Co-eternal Three.

Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,
Which saw the God incarnate bleed !
Perish by thy almighty vengeance those
Who durst thy person, or thy laws, expose ;
The curst refuge of mankind, and hell's proud seed.
Now to the unbelieving nations shew,
Thou art a God from all eternity ;
Not titular, or but by office so ;
And let them the mysterious union see
Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,
The good behold this glorious fight !
Their God in all his majesty appears,

Ineffable,

Ineffable, amazing bright,
And seated on a throne of everlasting light.
Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,
In sacred discipline and order, stand
The peers and princes of the sky,
As they excel in glory or command.
Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,
In the white bosom of a shining cloud,
Whose souls abhorring all ignoble crimes,
Did, with a steady course, pursue,
His holy precepts in the worst of times,
Maugre what earth or hell, what man or devils could do,
And now that God they did to death adore,
For whom such torments and such pains they bore
Returns to place them on those thrones above,
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
Divine, substantial happiness,
Unbounded as his power, and lasting as his love.

Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise;
Whom neither threats nor promises could move,
Not all my sufferings, nor all my love,
To save themselves from everlasting miseries.
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,
And less than in an instant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal, crew;
Who with distorted aspects come,
To hear their sad, intolerable doom.
Alas! they cry, one beam of mercy shew,

Thou

Thou all-forgiving Deity !
 To pardon crimes, is natural to thee :
 Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe.
 But if it cannot, cannot be,
 And we must go into a gulph of fire,
 (For who can with Omnipotence contend ?)
 Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
 And all our tortures have an end.
 Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear !
 Though now our bodies too immortal are,
 Let them be pungent to the last degree :
 And let our pains innumerable be ;
 But let them not extend to all eternity !

Lo, now there does no place remain
 For penitence and tears, but all
 Must by their actions stand or fall :
 To hope for pity, is in vain ;
 The dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
 Two mighty books are by two angels brought :
 In this, impartially recorded, stands
 The law of nature, and divine commands :
 In that, each action, word, and thought,
 Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.

Then first the virtuous and the good,
 Who all the fury of temptation flood,
 And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, chains, and blood.
 Attended by their guardian angels come
 To the tremendous bar of final doom.
 In vain the grand accuser, railing, brings
 A long indictment of enormous things,

Whose

Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
No more to their astonishment appears,
But in the secret womb of dark oblivion lies.

Come, now, my friends, he cries, ye sons of grace,
Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,
Despis'd and hated for my name;
Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace;
Ascend, and those bright diadems possess.
For you by my eternal Father made,
Ere the foundation of the world was laid;
And that surprizing happiness,
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.
For when I languishing in prison lay,
Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,
You did your kindly visits pay,
Both cloath'd my body, and my hunger fed.
Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,
Your hand was always ready to supply:
Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,
To share my sorrows, or to give relief.
In all distress, so tender was your love,
I could no anxious trouble bear;
No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
But you were still impatient to remove,
And mourn'd, your charitable hand should unsuccessful
prove:
All this you did, though not to me
In person, yet to mine in misery:

And

And shall for ever live
In all the glories that a God can give
Or a created being 's able to receive.

}

At this the architects divine on high
Innumerable thrones of glory raise,
On which they, in appointed order, place,
The human coheirs of eternity,
And with united hymns the God incarnate praise:
O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
By all thy creatures, constantly adored!

Ineffable, co-equal Three,
Who from non-entity gave birth
To angels and to men, to heaven and to earth,
Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.
But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possiest
These thrones, and this immense felicity;
Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest!
Therefore all Glory, Power, Dominion, Majesty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever longer, than for ever, be!

}

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
To those upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To those eternal torments go,

Prepar'd

Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of light,
 In burning darkness and in flaming night,
 Which shall no limit or cessation know,
 But always are extreme, and always will be so.
 The final sentence past, a dreadful cloud
 Inclosing all the miserable crowd,
 A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,
 And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,
 Which never, never, never can expire;
 The vast abyss of endless woes:
 Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,
 In glorious triumph passing through the sky,
 To joys immense, and everlasting extasy.

R E A S O N : A P O E M.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1700.

UNHAPPY man! who, through successive years,
 From early youth to life's last childhood errs:
 No sooner born but proves a foe to truth;
 For infant Reason is o'erpower'd in youth.
 The cheats of sense will half our learning share;
 And pre-conceptions all our knowledge are.
 Reason, 'tis true, should over sense preside:
 Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
 But false opinions, rooted in the mind,
 Hoodwink the soul, and keep our Reason blind.
 Reason 's a taper, which but faintly burns;
 A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns:

We

We see 't a little while, and but a little way ;
We travel by its light, as men by day :
But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like morning-stars, that never stay till noon.

The soul can scarce above the body rise ;
And all we see is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does scarce one glimpse of light display ;
We mourn in darkness, and despair of day :
That natural night, once dress'd with orient beams,
Is now diminish'd, and a twilight seems ;
A miscellaneous composition, made
Of night and day, of sunshine and of shade.
Through an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falsehood, which for truth we took :
So rays projected from the eastern skies,
Shew the false day before the sun can rise.

That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects, and from sense he gains :
He, like a wretched slave, must plod and sweat ;
By day must toil, by night that toil repeat ;
And yet, at last, what little fruit he gains !
A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty pains !

The passions, still predominant, will rule
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's school ;
Our understanding they with darkness fill,
Cause strong corruptions, and pervert the will.
On these the soul, as on some flowing tide,
Must sit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurried away ; for how can be withstood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood ?

Be gone, false hopes, for all our learning 's vain;
 Can we be free where these the rule maintain?
 These are the tools of knowledge which we use;
 The spirits heated, will strange things produce.
 Tell me, whoe'er the passions could control,
 Or from the body disengage the soul:
 Till this is done, our best pursuits are vain,
 To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain:
 Through all the bulky volumes of the dead,
 And through those books that modern times have bred,
 With pain we travel, as through moorish ground,
 Where scarce one useful plant is ever found;
 O'er-run with errors, which so thick appear,
 Our search proves vain, no spark of truth is there.

What 's all the noisy jargon of the schools,
 But idle nonsense of laborious fools,
 Who fetter Reason with perplexing rules?
 What in Aquina's bulky works are found,
 Does not enlighten Reason, but confound:
 Who travels Scotus' swelling tomes, shall find
 A cloud of darkness rising on the mind;
 In controverted points can Reason sway,
 When passion, or conceit, still hurries us away?
 Thus his new notions Sherlock would instil,
 And clear the greatest mysteries at will;
 But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
 And made them darker than they were before.
 South soon oppos'd him, out of christian zeal;
 Shewing how well he could dispute and rail.

How

How shall we e'er discover which is right,
 When both so eagerly maintain the fight?
 Each does the other's arguments deride;
 Each has the church and scripture on his side.
 The sharp, ill-natur'd combat 's but a jest;
 Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the least.
 How shall we know which articles are true,
 The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new?
 In paths uncertain and unsafe he treads,
 Who blindly follows other fertile heads:
 What sure, what certain mark have we to know,
 The right or wrong, 'twixt Burges, Wake, and Howe?
 Should unturn'd nature crave the medic art,
 What health can that contentious tribe impart?
 Every physician writes a different bill,
 And gives no other Reason but his will.
 No longer boast your art, ye impious race;
 Let wars 'twixt Alcalies and Acids cease;
 And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
 Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely guess;
 To-day they 've good, to-morrow, no success.
 Ev'n Garth and * Maurus sometimes shall prevail,
 When Gibson, learned Hannes, and Tyson, fail.
 And, more than once, we've seen, that blundering Sloane,
 Missing the gout, by chance has hit the stone;
 The patient does the lucky error find:
 A cure he works, though not the cure design'd.
 Custom, the world 's great idol, we adore;
 And knowing this, we seek to know no more.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

What education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed :
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.
To what hard fate is human-kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith, a virtue made ;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals?
Thus, from the time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by universal light :
Our prepossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind ;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamin'd principles may pass !
Good Heavens ! that man should thus himself deceive,
To learn on credit, and on trust believe !
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd :
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once remov'd, will smoothe the way to truth :
To dispossess the child, the mortal lives ;
But death approaches ere the man arrives.

Those who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,

From

From many dangers must themselves acquit,
 And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
 Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
 To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
 Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
 And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish deference we pay
 To men that liv'd long since, our passage stay?
 What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
 And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
 First we a blessing from the grave implore,
 Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
 The reverend sage, with vast esteem, we prize:
 He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise!
 Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
 For all those errors which their fancies bred:
 Errors indeed! for real knowledge stay'd
 With those first times, not farther was convey'd:
 While light opinions are much lower brought,
 For on the waves of ignorance they float:
 But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
 So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past;
 Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind, at last?
 Ah! no, 't is now environ'd from our eyes,
 Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!
 Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
 And claims attention to perceive it right!
 But what resembles truth is soon descry'd,
 Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!

The first man rarely, very rarely finds
 The tedious search of long enquiring minds :
 But yet what 's worse, we know not what we err ;
 What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear ?
 How do we know that what we know is true ?
 How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue ?
 Let none then here his certain knowledge boast ;
 'T is all but probability at most :
 This is the easy purchase of the mind ;
 The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find !
 But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
 The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

D I E S N O V I S S I M A :

O R, T H E

L A S T E P I P H A N Y.

A PINDARIC ODE, ON CHRIST'S SECOND
 APPEARANCE, TO JUDGE THE WORLD.

A DIEU, ye toyish reeds, that once could please
 My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease :
 Be gone ; I 'll waste no more vain hours with you :
 And, smiling Sylvia too, adieu.

A brighter power invokes my Muse,
 And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.

See, beckoning from yon cloud, he stands,
 And promises assistance with his hands :

I feel

I feel the heavy-rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.

How my breast heaves, and pulses beat!
I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat:

The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
And over-flowing joys profusely waste.

Some nobler bard, O sacred Power, inspire,
Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive:

And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,
And each gay following charm from death to save!
—In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;

I rave, with extasies oppress'd:

I rise, the mountains lessen, and retire;

And now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental fire!

The leading deity I have in view;

Nor mortal knows, as yet, what wonders will ensue.

We pass'd through regions of unfullied light;

I gaz'd, and sicken'd at the blissful sight;

A shuddering paleness seiz'd my look:

At last the pest flew off, and thus I spoke;

" Say, Sacred Guide, shall this bright clime

" Survive the fatal test of time,

" Or perish, with our mortal globe below,

" When yon sun no longer shines?"

Straight I finish'd—veiling low;

The visionary power rejoins:

" 'T is not for you to ask, nor mine to say,

" The niceties of that tremendous day.

" Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,
 " And finish'd are the radiant journeys of the sun,
 " The great decisive morn shall rise,
 " And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening skies!
 " Eternal grace and justice he 'll bestow
 " On all the trembling world below."

He said. I mus'd; and thus return'd:
 " What ensigns, courteous stranger, tell,
 " Shall the brooding day reveal?"
 He answer'd mild——

" Already, stupid with their crimes,
 " Blind mortals prostrate to their idols lie:
 " Such were the boding times,
 " Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky;
 " Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome ease,
 " And revel'd in luxuriant peace;
 " In bacchanals they did their hours consume,
 " And bacchanals led on their swift advancing doom."

Adulterate Christs already rise,
 And dare t' assuage the angry skies;
 Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
 And from the Cross, alas! he does neglected sigh;
 The Anti-Christian Power has rais'd his Hydra head,
 And ruin, only less than Jesus' health, does spread.
 So long the gore through poison'd veins has flow'd,
 That scarcely ranker is a fury's blood;
 Yet specious artifice, and fair disguise,
 The monster's shape, and curst design, belies:

A fiend's.

A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
 He quaffs, and scatters, the contagious spleen
 Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,
 Nature shall paint the shining scene,
 Quick as the lightning which inspires the train.

}

Forward confusion shall provoke the fray,
 And nature from her ancient order stray;
 Black tempests, gathering from the seas around,
 In horrid ranges shall advance;
 And, as they march, in thickest fables drown'd,
 The rival thunder from the clouds shall sound,
 And lightnings join the fearful dance:
 The blustering armies o'er the skies shall spread,
 And universal terror shed;
 Loud issuing peals, and rising sheets of smoke,
 Th' encumber'd region of the air shall choke;
 The noisy main shall lash the suffering shore,
 And from the rocks the breaking billows roar!
 Black thunder bursts, blue lightning burns,
 And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turns!
 The forests shall beneath the tempest bend,
 And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

Reverse all Nature's web shall run,
 And spotless misrule all around,
 Order, its flying foe, confound;
 Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be unspun.
 Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,
 (The wand with which, ere time begun,

His

His wandering slaves he did command,
 And made them scamper right, and in rude ranges run
 The hostile harmony shall chase;
 And as the nymph resigns her place,
 And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,
 The formless ruffian slaughters with his eyes,
 And following storms the pearching dame's retreat,
 Adding the terror of his threat;
 The globe shall faintly tremble round,
 And backward jolt, distorted with the wound.

Swath'd in substantial throwds of night,
 The sickening sun shall from the world retire,
 Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire;
 Which dangling, once, shed round a lavish flood of light!
 No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,
 Not yielding to primæval gloom,
 Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb;
 Nor glimmering in its source, with silver streamers
 play'd,
 A jetty mixture of the darkness spread
 O'er murmuring Ægypt's head;
 And that which angels drew
 O'er Nature's face, when Jesus died;
 Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook,
 And, rising, off their hanging funerals shook,
 And fleeting pass'd expos'd their bloodless breast to
 view,
 Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories glide.

Now

Now bolder fires appear,
 And o'er the palpable obscurement sport,
 Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
 Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' ætherial
 court,
 And plung'd into the opening gulph of night;
 A fabre of immortal flame I bore,
 And, with this arm, his flourishing plume I tore,
 And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Mean time the lambient prodigies on high
 Take gamefome measures in the sky;
 Joy'd with his future feast, the thunder roars
 In chorus to th' enormous harmony;
 And holloo's to his offspring from fulphureous stores:
 Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
 And their each nimble turn, and radiant embassy.

The moon turns paler at the sight,
 And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
 The lightning with its livid tail,
 A train of glittering terrors draws behind,
 Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
 Wing'd and blown on by storms of wind,
 They shew the hideous leaps on either hand,
 Of Night, that spreads her ebon curtains round,
 And there erects her royal stand,
 In seven-fold winding jet her conscious temples bound.

The stars, next starting from their spheres,
 In giddy revolutions leap and bound;

Whilst

Whilst this with doubtful fury glares,
And meditate new wars,
And wheels in sportive gyres around,
Its neighbour shall advance to fight;
And while each offers to enlarge its right,
The general ruin shall increase,
And banish all the votaries of peace.
No more the stars, with paler beams,
Shall tremble o'er the midnight streams,
But travel downward to behold
What mimics them so twinkling there:
And, like Narcissus, as they gain more near,
For the lov'd image straight expire,
And agonize in warm desire,
Or stake their lust, as in the stream they roll.

Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below
In their viperous ruins glow,
They sink, and unsupported leave the skies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the
noise.
Then see th' Almighty Judge, sedate and bright,
Cloath'd in imperial robes of light!
His wings the wind, rough storms the chariot bear,
And nimble harbingers before him fly,
And with officious rudeness brush the air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
In horrid sport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding tracts of light;
Then urging, to their ranks they close,
And shivering, lest they start, a sailing caravan compose.
The

THE LAST EPIPHANY. 141

The Mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state
Whilst mighty guards his orders wait:

His waving vestments shine
Bright as the sun, which lately did its beam resign,
And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his form
divine.

Strong beams of majesty around his temples play,
And the transcendent gaiety of his face allay:
His Father's reverend characters he 'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with light, and over-awe with
fear.

Myriads of angels shall be there,
And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear;
Angels, the first and fairest sons of day,
Clad with eternal youth, and as their vestments gay.

Nor for magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant scene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
And swell the lustre of his pompous train;
The nimble ministers of bliss or woe
We shall attend, and save, or deal the blow,
As he admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news
Through every Angel's breast fresh rapture shall diffuse.
The day is come,
When Satan with his powers shall sink to endless doom.
No more shall we his hostile troops pursue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

Then

Then Raphael, big with life, the trump shall sound,
From falling spheres the joyful music shall rebound,
And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it round:
Louder he 'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,

Than when, from Sinai's hill,

In thunder through the horrid reddening smoke,

Th' Almighty spoke,

We 'll shout around with martial joy,

And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and thrice our
shouts reply.

Then first th' Archangel's voice, aloud,

Shall chearfully salute the day and throng,

And Hallelujah fill the croud;

And I, perhaps, shall close the song.

From its long sleep all human race shall rise,

And see the morn and Judge advancing in the skies:

To their old tenements the souls return,

Whilst down the steep of Heaven as swift the Judge de-
scends!

These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn:

Whilst, see, distracted looks yon stalking shades attend.

The saints no more shall conflict on the deep,

Nor rugged waves insult the labouring ship;

But from the wreck in triumph they arise,

And borne to bliss shall tread empyreal skies.

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THE
P O E M S
OF THE
EARL OF DORSET.

VOL. XVII.

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TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON HIS

INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM,
CALLED THE BRITISH PRINCES.

COME on, ye Critics, find one fault who dares ;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well ; throw not away your jests
On solid nonsense that abides all tests.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when 't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou hast a brain, such as it is indeed ;
On what else should thy worm of fancy feed ?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the kernel 's gone.
This simile shall stand in thy defence,
'Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write sense.
Thy style 's the same, whatever be thy theme,
As some digestions turn all meat to phlegm :
They lye, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.
Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly :

L 2

So

So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,
Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.

As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural parts,
And with acquir'd dulness and new arts
Of study'd nonsense, tak'st kind readers hearts.
Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear
Such loud complaints 'gainst Critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller;
Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write;
Did ever libel yet so sharply bite?

TO THE SAME.

ON HIS PLAYS.

THOU damn'd Antipodes to common-sense,
Thou foil to Flecknoe, pr'ythee tell from whence
Does all this mighty flock of dulness spring?
Is it thy own, or hast it from Snow-hill,
Assisted by some ballad-making quill?
No, they fly higher yet, thy plays are such,
I'd swear they were translated out of Dutch.
Fain would I know what diet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
Sure hasty-pudding is thy chiefest dish,
With bullock's liver, or some stinking fish:

Garbage,

Garbage, ox-checks, and tripes, do feast thy brain,
 Which nobly pays this tribute back again.
 With daify-roots thy dwarfish Muse is fed,
 A giant's body with a pigmy's head.
 Canst thou not find, among thy numerous race
 Of kindred, one to tell thee that thy plays
 Are laught at by the pit, box, galleries, nay, stage?
 Think on 't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
 Thy body made for labour, not thy mind.
 No other use of paper thou shouldst make
 Than carrying loads and reams upon thy back.
 Carry vast burdens till thy shoulders shrink,
 But curst be he that gives thee pen and ink :
 Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,
 As nurses from their children keep edg'd tools :
 For thy dull fancy a muckinder is fit
 To wipe the slabberings of thy snotty wit :
 And though 'tis late if justice could be found,
 Thy plays like blind-born puppies should be drown'd.
 For were it not that we respect afford
 Unto the son of an heroic lord,
 Thine in the ducking-stool should take her seat,
 Drest like herself in a great chair of state ;
 Where like a Muse of quality she'd die,
 And thou thyself shalt make her elegy,
 In the same strain thou writ'st thy comedy.

TO SIR THOMAS ST. SERFE,

ON THE

PRINTING HIS PLAY CALLED "TARUGO'S WILES,"

1668.

TARUGO gave us wonder and delight,
 When he oblig'd the world by candle-light:
 But now he's ventur'd on the face of day,
 T' oblige and serve his friends a nobler way;
 Make all our old men wits, statesmen, the young:
 And teach ev'n Englishmen the English tongue.

James, on whose reign all peaceful stars did smile,
 Did but attempt th' uniting of our isle.
 What kings, and Nature, only could design,
 Shall be accomplish'd by this work of thine.
 For, who is such a Cockney in his heart,
 Proud of the plenty of the southern part,
 To scorn that union, by which we may
 Boast 'twas his countryman that writ this play?

Phœbus himself, indulgent to my Muse,
 Has to the country sent this kind excuse;
 Fair Northern Lads, it is not through neglect
 I court thee at a distance, but respect;
 I cannot act, my passion is so great,
 But I'll make up in light what wants in heat;

On

ON PRINTING TARUGO'S WILES. 151

On thee I will bestow my longest days,
And crown thy sons with everlasting bays :
My beams that reach thee shall employ their powers
To ripen souls of men, not fruits or flowers.
Let warmer climes my fading favours boast,
Poets and stars shine brightest in the frost.

EPILOGUE TO MOLIERE'S TARTUFFE,

TRANSLATED BY MR. MEDBURNE.

SPOKEN BY TARTUFFE.

MANY have been the vain attempts of wit,
Against the still-prevailing hypocrite :
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play ;
And Busy, rallying, arm'd with zeal and rage,
Possess'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the stage.
To laugh at English knaves is dangerous then,
While English fools will think them honest men :
But sure no zealous brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monsieur Ananias :
A man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,
There are damn'd rogues among the French and Papist,
That fix salvation to short band and hair,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a prayer ;
That use " enjoy the Creature," to express
Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenness ;

L 4

And.

And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you.
Whose fleshly failings are but fornication,
We godly phrase it "gospel-propagation,"
Just as rebellion was call'd reformation.
Zeal stands but sentry at the gate of sin,
Whilst all that have the word pass freely in:
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of spies,
We march, and take Damnation by surprize.
There 's not a roaring blade in all this town
Can go so far tow'ards hell for half a crown
As I for six-pence, for I know the way;
For want of guides, men are too apt to stray:
Therefore give ear to what I shall advise,
Let every marry'd man that 's grave and wise
Take a Tartuffe of known ability,
To teach and to increase his family;
Who shall so settle lasting reformation,
First get his son, then give him education.

E P I L O G U E,

ON THE

REVIVAL OF BEN JONSON'S PLAY, CALLED

"EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

INTREATY shall not serve, nor violence,
 To make me speak in such a play's defence;
 A play, where wit and humour do agree
 To break all practis'd laws of Comedy.
 The scene (what more absurd!) in England lies,
 No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise;
 No captive prince from unknown country brought,
 No battle, nay, there's scarce a duel fought:
 And something yet more sharply might be said,
 But I consider the poor author's dead:
 Let that be his excuse—now for our own,
 Why,—faith, in my opinion, we need none.
 The parts were fitted well; but some will say,
 Pox on them, rogues, what made them choose this play?
 I do not doubt but you will credit me,
 It was not choice but mere necessity:
 To all our writing friends, in town, we sent,
 But not a wit durst venture out in Lent:
 Have patience but till Easter-term, and then,
 You shall have Jigg and hobby-horse again.

Here's

Here 's Mr. Matthew, our domestic wit *,
 Does promise one o' th' ten plays he has writ :
 But since great bribes weigh nothing with the just,
 Know, we have merits, and to them we trust.
 When any fasts, or holidays, defer
 The public labours of the theatre,
 We ride not forth, although the day be fair,
 On ambling tit, to take the suburb air;
 But with our authors meet, and spend that time
 To make up quarrels between sense and rhyme.
 Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we fate,
 Till after many a long and free debate,
 For diverse weighty reasons 't was thought fit,
 Unruly sense should still to rhyme submit :
 This, the most wholesome law we ever made,
 So strictly in his epilogue obey'd,
 Sure no man here will ever dare to break——

[Enter JONSON's Ghost.]

Hold, and give way, for I myself will speak ;
 Can you encourage so much insolence,
 And add new faults still to the great offence,
 Your ancestors so rashly did commit,
 Against the mighty powers of art and wit ?
 When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
 Sejanus, and my best-lov'd Catiline.
 Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall
 The curse of many a rhyming pastoral.
 The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,
 And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.

* Matthew Medbourn, an eminent actor.

All the dull follies of the former age,
Shall find applause on this corrupted stage,
But if you pay the great arrears of praise,
So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,
From all past crimes I first will set you free,
And then inspire some one to write like me.

S O N G,

WRITTEN AT SEA, IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1665,
THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT.

I.

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouze the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

III. Then

III.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind :
Our tears we 'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa, &c.

IV.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they us'd of old :
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story ;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree :
For what resistance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind !
With a fa, &c.

VI.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who 's our friend, or who 's our foe,
With a fa, &c.

VII. To

VII.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But, why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

X.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

XI. And

XI.

And now we 've told you all our loves
 And likewise all our fears ;
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity from your tears ;
 Let 's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

ON THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER,
 MISTRESS TO KING JAMES THE SECOND, 1680.

I.

TELL me, Dorinda, why so gay,
 Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace ?
 Can any dresses find a way,
 To stop th' approaches of decay,
 And mend a ruin'd face ?

II.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
 Still ogle in the ring ?
 Canst thou forget thy age and pox ?
 Can all that shines on shells and rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing ?

III.

So have I seen in larder dark
 Of veal a lucid loin ;
 Replete with many a brilliant spark,
 As wise philosophers remark,
 At once both stink and shine.

ON

O N T H E S A M E.

I.

PROUD with the spoils of royal cully,
With false pretence to wit and parts,
She swaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of mens hearts.

II.

Though she appear as glittering fine,
As gems, and jetts, and paint, can make her;
She ne'er can win a breast like mine;
The devil and Sir David * take her.

K N O T T I N G.

AT noon, in a sunshiny day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade:

Each slender finger play'd its part,
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her favourite swain, by chance, came by,
He saw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.

* Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.

She

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twist'd ball :
But straight gave Strephon such a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is 't none but thee ?
With innocence I dare be free ;
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap ;
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a nap ;
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er.
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be :
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust you with my flocks, not me,
Pursue thy grazing trade ;

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep ;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me mistaken maid.

THE ANTIQUATED COQUET,

A SATIRE ON A LADY OF IRELAND*.

PHYLLIS, if you will not agree,
 To give me back my liberty ;
 In spite of you, I must regain
 My loss of time, and break your chain.
 You were mistaken, if you thought
 I was so grossly to be caught ;
 Or that I was so blindly bred,
 As not to be in woman read.
 Perhaps you took me for a fool,
 Design'd alone your sex's tool ;
 Nay, you might think so mad a thing,
 That, with a little fashioning,
 I might in time, for your dear sake,
 That monster call'd a husband make :
 Perhaps I might, had I not found
 One darling vice in you abound ;
 A vice to me, which e'er will prove
 An antidote to banish love.
 O! I could better bear an old,
 Ugly, diseas'd, mis-shapen scold,
 Or one who games, or will be drunk,
 A fool, a spendthrift, bawd, or punk,
 Than one at all who wildly flies,
 And, with soft, asking, giving eyes,

* Supposed to be of the name of Clanbrazil.

And thousand other wanton arts,
 So meanly trades in begging hearts.
 How might such wondrous charms perplex,
 Give chains, or death, to all our sex,
 Did she not so unwisely fet,
 For every fluttering fool her net!
 So poorly proud of vulgar praise,
 Her very look her thoughts betrays;
 She never stays till we begin,
 But beckons us herself to sin.
 Ere we can ask, she cries consent,
 So quick her yielding looks are sent,
 They hope forestal, and ev'n desire prevent.
 But Nature's turn'd when women woo,
 We hate in them what we should do;
 Desire's asleep, and cannot wake,
 When women such advances make:
 Both time and charms thus Phyllis wastes,
 Since each must surfeit ere he tastes.
 Nothing escapes her wandering eyes,
 No one she thinks too mean a prize;
 Ev'n Lynch *, the lag of human kind,
 Nearest to brutes by God design'd,
 May boast the smiles of this coquet,
 As much as any man of wit.
 The signs hang thinner in the Strand,
 The Dutch scarce more infest the land,
 Though Egypt's locusts they outvie,
 In number and voracity.

* A notorious debauchee.

Whores are not half so plenty found,
In play-house, or that hallow'd ground
Of Temple-walks, or Whetstone's-park;
Careffes less abound in Spark *.
Then with kind looks for all who come,
At bawdy-house, the Drawing-room:
But all in vain she throws her darts,
They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts:
Age has enerv'd her charms so much,
That fearless all her eyes approach;
Each her autumnal face degrades
With "Reverend Mother of the Maids!"
But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
Forgetting what her charms have done;
To Teagueland we this beauty owe,
Teagueland her earliest charms did know:
There first her tyrant beauties reign'd;
Where'er she look'd, she conquest gain'd.
No heart the glances could repel,
The Teagues in shoals before her fell;
And trotting bogs was all the art,
The found had left to save his heart.
She kill'd so fast, by my salvation,
She near dispeopled half the nation:
Though she, good soul, to save took care
All, all she could from sad despair.
From thence she hither came to prove
If yet her charms could kindle love:

* Elizabeth Spark, a noted courtesan.

But, ah! it was too late to try,
 For Spring was gone, and Winter nigh:
 Yet though her eyes such conquests made,
 That they were shunn'd, or else obey'd,
 Yet now her charms are so decay'd,
 She thanks each coxcomb that will deign
 To praise her face, and wear her chain.

So some old foldier, who had done
 Wonders in youth, and battles won,
 When feeble years his strength depose,
 That he too weak to vanquish grows,
 With mangled face and wooden leg,
 Reduc'd about for alms to beg,
 O'erjoy'd, a thousand thanks bestows
 On him who but a farthing throws.

S O N G

TO CHLORIS, FROM THE "BLIND ARCHER."

I.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes
 And lay by those terrible glances;
 We live in an age that's more civil and wise,
 Than to follow the rules of romances.

II.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
 They'll allow you no long time of courting;
 And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out;
 For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

S O N G

S O N G.

I.

METHINKS the poor town has been troubled
too long,

With Phyllis and Chloris in every song,
By fools, who at once can both love and despair,
And will never leave calling them cruel and fair;
Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express
The truth that I know of bonny Black Befs.

II.

This Befs of my heart, this Befs of my soul,
Has a skin white as milk, and hair as black as a coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her waist,
But her round swelling thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest:
But I know what I think, when I drink to the best.

III.

The plowman and 'quire, the arranter clown,
At home she subdued in her paragon gown;
But now she adorns both the boxes and pit,
And the proudest town gallants are forc'd to submit;
All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
For she 'd out-shine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all:
If a lord should but whisper his love in the crowd,
She 'd sell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud:

Then the Queen, overhearing what Betty did say,
Would fend Mr. Roper to take her away.

V.

But to those that have had my dear Bess in their arms,
She 's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms;
And to every beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her pace;
And with head on one side, and a languishing eye,
To kill us by looking as if she would die.

S O N G.

I.

MAY the ambitious ever find
Success in crowds and noise,
While gentle love does fill my mind
With silent real joys!

II.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
And the world think them wise,
While I lie dying at her feet,
And all the world despise.

III.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
And melt in Court delights;
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

A FRENCH

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

IN gray-hair'd Cælia's wither'd arms
 As mighty Lewis lay,
 She cry'd, If I have any charms,
 My dearest, let 's away.

For you, my Love, is all my fear!
 Hark! how the drums do rattle!
 Alas, Sir! what should you do here
 In dreadful day of battle?

Let little Orange stay and fight,
 For danger 's his diversion;
 The wife will think you in the right,
 Not to expose your person:

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
 The ruins of your glory;
 You ought to leave so mean a care
 To those who pen your story.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
 For panegyric writing?
 They know how heroes may be made,
 Without the help of fighting.

When foes too saucily approach,
 'Tis best to leave them fairly:
 Put six good horses to your coach,
 And carry me to Marly.

Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
 Go take some town or buy it;
 Whilst you, great Sir, at Nôtre Dame,
 Te Deum sing in quiet.

S O N G.

PHYLLIS, the fairest of Love's foes,
 Though fiercer than a dragon,
 Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
 What has she now to brag on?
 So long she kept her legs so close,
 Till they had scarce a rag on.

Compell'd through want, this wretched maid
 Did sad complaints begin;
 Which surly Strephon hearing, said,
 It was both shame and sin,
 To pity such a lazy jade,
 As will neither play nor spin.

S O N G.

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes,
 United, cast too fierce a light,
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
 Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love

Love is a calmer gentler joy,
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
 Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
 That runs his link full in your face.

S O N G.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit
 For your great lord's embrace;
 For though we all allow you wit,
 We can 't a handsome face.

Then where 's the pleasure, where 's the good,
 Of spending time and cost?
 For if your wit be n't understood,
 Your keeper's bliss is lost.

S O N G.

I.

PHYLLIS, for shame let us improve
 A thousand different ways,
 Those few short moments snatch'd by love,
 From many tedious days.

II.

If you want courage to despise
 The censure of the grave,
 Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
 Your heart is but a slave.

III. My

III.

My love is full of noble pride,
 Nor can it e'er submit,
 To let that fop, Discretion, ride
 In triumph over it.

IV.

Falſe friends I have, as well as you,
 Who daily counſel me
 Fame and Ambition to purſue,
 And leave off loving thee.

V.

But when the leaſt regard I ſhew
 To fools who thus adviſe,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Moſt miſerably wiſe!

S O N G.

I.

CORYDON beneath a willow,
 By a murmuring current laid,
 His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
 Thus addreſs'd the charming maid.

II.

O! my Sachariſſa tell
 How could Nature take delight
 That a heart ſo hard ſhould dwell
 In a frame ſo ſoft and white.

III. Could

III.

Could you feel but half the anguish,
Half the tortures that I bear,
How for you I daily languish,
You 'd be kind as you are fair.

IV.

See the fire that in me reigns,
O! behold a burning man;
Think I feel my dying pains,
And be cruel if you can.

V.

With her conquest pleas'd, the dame
Cry'd, with an insulting look,
Yes, I fain would quench your flame;
She spoke, and pointed to the brook.

C O N.

C O N T E N T S.

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THE
P O E M S
OF
GEORGE STEPNEY.

G

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,
AND THE LADY ANNE*.

Circumvolantum blanda Cupidinum
Huc Mater axes flectat eburneos,
Dum sævientis flagra dextra
Chaoniæ metuant Columbæ.

Seu, ne jugales heu! nimium pigros
Damnent Amantes, ociùs, ociùs
Impelle currum fortiori
Remigio volitans Olorum.

Junctum marinæ Pelea Conjugi †,
Senique junctam Cyprida Troico,

* From the " *Hymenæus Cantabrigienfis*. Cantabrigiæ, 1683."—"It is reported," says Dr. Johnson, "that the juvenile compositions of Stepney made grey authors blush: I know not whether his poems will appear such wonders to the present age. One cannot always easily find the reason for which the world has sometimes conspired to squander praise. It is not very unlikely that he wrote very early as well as he ever wrote; and the performances of youth have many favourers." The present poem is earlier than any one by Stepney hitherto printed; and will therefore without doubt be acceptable to the publick. J. N.

† Mr. Addison has made a fine use of the same allusion, in his beautiful verses to Kneller—

"The troubled Ocean's Queen

"Match'd with a Mortal, &c."

But he had the advantage of being able to add,

"—her short-liv'd darling son." J. DUNCOMBE.

Delira

Delira ne jactet vetustas,
Connubio superata nostro :
Illustriori stemmate regiam
Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens ;
Virtute et Ænean Nepotes,
Viribus et superent Achillem.
Quin bellicosæ gloria Cimbriæ,
Nunc invidendæ spes, decus Angliæ,
Ira, horror, et vultus minaces
In Dominæ tumultentur ulnis.
Cessate lites ; spicula, machinæ
Dormite lethi ; libret et unicus,
Præbent puellæ quas ocelli,
Armiger innocuus sagittas !
Quàm dulce vultu virgineo rubet
Pandora ! (quantum, dum rubet, allicit !)
Tacetque, sed narrant vicissim
Lumina luminibus calores.
Liquisset Evan Gnosida, floridam
Tu, Phœbe, Daphnen hanc peteres magis :
Nec non Tonantis pluma mendax,
Cornua seu tegerent amores.
Lacæna nunquam damna modestiæ
Tulisset, Idæ si puer huc vagus
Errâisset, ardentes videret
Funere tergemino penates.
Flammæque viles crederet Ilii.
Mercede tali quis stadium piger
Fatale vitet ? quis timeret
Oenomai fremitum sequentis ?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
Expectat ultrò : fata, Princeps,
Hæc meritis statuere tantis.

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
Blando fideles murmure turtures,
Nexuque vites arctiori, et
Basilis superate conchas.

Cum dextra Cœli prodiga Carolum
Ornârit omni dote, Britannia
Oblita, et hæredis futuri,
Nec dederit similem aut secundum ;

Te, spes ruentis faustior imperi,
Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
Heroas illustres daturum,
Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves :
Patris decorem mas verendum,
Matris et os referant Puellæ.

GEORGIUS STEPNEY, *Coll. Trin.*

T O K I N G J A M E S I I .

U P O N H I S A C C E S S I O N T O T H E T H R O N E , 1684-5.

AS victors lose the trouble they sustain
 In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
 And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
 Forget the pain by which they purchas'd heaven:
 So when the Phoenix of our empire dy'd,
 And with a greater heir the empty throne supply'd;
 Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
 And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
 Myfterious fate, whose one decree could prove
 The high extreme of cruelty and love!

May then no flight of a blaspheming Muse,
 Those wise resolves of Providence accuse,
 Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
 Since stronger Hercules supports the state.
 England no more shall pensive thoughts employ
 On him she 'as lost; but him she has, enjoy.
 So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
 And Bacchus honour'd the deserted bed,
 Ceas'd with her tears to raise the swelling flood,
 Forgot her Theseus, and embrac'd the god.

On the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE's burning the
DUKE of MONMOUTH'S PICTURE, 1685, who
was formerly their Chancellor.—In Answer to
this Question,

“ — Sed quid

“ Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit

“ Damnatos —”

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his grace,
And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
But when the sage Vice Chancellor was sure
The original in limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a lictor
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all she can
To save the image of the tall young man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her race;
But all in vain, since the wise house conspire
To damn the canvas traitor to the fire,
Left it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythe-men next harvest to renew the fight.

Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge;
But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuses,
Says, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses;

And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
 On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James;
 And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
 On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.
 The heads, lest he get all the profit t' himself,
 Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf,
 This motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet
 Should gather from each noble Doctor a billet.
 The kindness was common, and so they 'd return it,
 The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
 Thus joining their stocks for a bonfire together,
 As they club for a cheese in the parish of Chedder;
 Confusedly crowd on the sophs and the doctors,
 The hangman, the townsmen, their wives, and the
 proctors,
 While the troops from each part of the countries in ale
 Come to quaff his confusion in bumpers of stale;
 But Rosalin, never unkind to a Duke,
 Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
 The tender creature could not see his fate,
 With whom she 'ad danc'd a minuet so late.
 The heads, who never could hope for such frames,
 Out of envy condemn'd sixscore pounds to the flames,
 Then his air was too proud, and his features amiss,
 As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
 So the rabble of Rome, whose favour ne'er settles,
 Melt down their Sejanus to pots and brass kettles.

A N E P I S T L E
TO CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.
AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S VOYAGE TO HOLLAND.

SIR,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
Art I 've either lost, or never knew,
Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
And fondly lose the critick in the friend;
Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull insensibly betray'd,
I'll contradict the humour of the times,
Inclin'd to business, and averse to rhymes,
And, to obey the man I love, in spite
Of the world's genius and my own, I'll write.

But think not that I vainly do aspire
To rival what I only would admire,
The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
And force like that with which your hero fought;
Like Samson's riddle is that powerful song,
Sweet as the honey, as the lion strong;
The colours there so artfully are laid,
They fear no lustre, and they want no shade;
But shall of writing a just model give,
While Boyne shall flow, and William's glory live.

Yet since his every act may well infuse
Some happy rapture in the humblest Muse,
Though mine despairs to reach the wondrous height,
She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
The King's the theme, and I've a subject's right. }
When William's deeds, and rescued Europe's joy,
Do every tongue and every pen employ,
'Tis to think treason sure, to shew no zeal,
And not to write, is almost to rebel.

Let Albion then forgive her meanest son,
Who would continue what her best begun;
Who, leaving conquests and the pomp of war,
Would sing the pious King's divided care;
How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the seed of future actions wait;
And how two nations did with transport boast,
Which was lov'd, and lov'd the victor most:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;
How the fair isle with rival passion strove,
How by her sorrow she express'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed,
And how she blest'd his way, yet sigh'd, and said:

Is it decreed my hero ne'er shall rest,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.

EPISTLE TO MR. MONTAGUE. 183

O generous prince, too prodigally kind!
 Can the diffusive goodness of your mind
 Be in no bounds, but of the world confin'd?
 Should sinking nations summon you away,
 Maria's love might justify your stay.
 Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
 Which for your safety to the Gods were made,
 While on the Boyne they labour'd to out-do
 Your zeal for Albion by their care for you;
 When, too impatient of a glorious ease,
 You tempt new dangers on the winter seas.
 The Belgic state has rested long secure
 Within the circle of thy guardian power;
 Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
 Mature in strength, can range the woods alone;
 When to my arms they did the Prince resign,
 I bless'd the change, and thought him wholly mine;
 Conceive'd long hopes I jointly should obey
 His stronger, and Maria's gentle sway;
 He fierce as thunder, she as lightning bright;
 One my defence, and t'other my delight:
 Yet go—where honour calls the hero, go:
 Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow;
 Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due;
 Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new;
 Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
 The next large harvest to thy prosperous sword:
 Again in Crecy let my arms be rear'd,
 And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd:

While under Mary's tutelary care,
 Far from the danger, or the noise of war,
 In honourable pleasure I possess
 The spoils of conquest, and the charms of peace.
 As the great lamp by which the globe is bless'd,
 Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
 Through different regions does his course pursue,
 And leaves one world but to revive a new;
 While, by a pleasing change, the Queen of Night
 Relieves his lustre with a milder light:
 So when your beams do distant nations chear,
 The partner of your crown shall mount the sphere,
 Able alone my empire to sustain,
 And carry on the glories of thy reign—
 But why has fate maliciously decreed,
 That greatest blessings must by turns succeed?

Here she relented, and would urge his stay
 By all that fondness and that grief could say;
 But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
 On scenes of triumphs and returning joy.
 Thus, like the tide, while her unconstant breast
 Was swell'd with rapture, by despair depress'd,
 Fate call'd; the hero must his way pursue,
 And her cries lessen'd as the shore withdrew.

The winds were silent, and the gentle main
 Bore an auspicious omen of his reign;
 When Neptune, owning whom those seas obey,
 Nodded, and bade the chearful Tritons play.
 Each chose a different subject for their lays,
 But Orange was the burden of their praise:

Some

EPISTLE TO MR. MONTAGUE. 185

Some in their strains up to the fountain ran,
 From whence this stream of virtue first began :
 Others chose heroes of a later date,
 And sung the * founder of the neighbouring state ;
 How daringly he tyranny withstood,
 And seal'd his country's freedom with his blood ;
 Then to the two illustrious † brethren came,
 The glorious rivals of their father's fame ;
 And to the ‡ youth, whose pregnant hopes out-ran
 The steps of time, and early shew'd the man ;
 For whose alliance monarchs did contend,
 And gave a daughter to secure a friend.
 But as by Nature's law the Phoenix dies,
 That from its urn a nobler bird may rise,
 So fate ordain'd the § parent soon should set,
 To make the glories of his heir compleat.

At William's name each fill'd his vocal shell,
 And on the happy sound rejoic'd to dwell :
 Some sung his birth, and how discerning fate
 Sav'd infant virtue against powerful hate ;
 Of poisonous snakes by young Alcides quell'd,
 And palms that spread the more, the more with-held.
 Some sung Seneffe, and early wonders done
 By the bold youth, himself a war alone ;
 And how his firmer courage did oppose
 His country's foreign and intestine foes ;
 The lion he, who held their arrows close.

* William.

† Maurice and Henry.

‡ William.

§ James II.

Others

Others sung Perseus, and the injur'd maid,
 Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid;
 Or in mysterious numbers did unfold
 Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old;
 How Saturn, flush'd with arbitrary power,
 Design'd his lawful issue to devour;
 But Jove, reserv'd for better fate, withstood
 The black contrivance of the doating god;
 With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
 'Twas Italy secur'd his frightened head,
 And by his flight resign'd his empty throne
 And triple empire to his worthier son.

Then in one note their artful force they join,
 Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne;
 How on the wondering bank the hero stood,
 Lavishly bold and desperately good:
 Till fate, designing to convince the brave
 That they can dare no more than Heaven can save,
 Let death approach, and yet withheld the sting,
 Wounded the man, distinguishing the King.

They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too strong,
 And in soft notes allay'd the bolder song:
 Flow, gentle Boyne, they cry'd, and round thy bed
 For ever may victorious wreaths be spread;
 No more may travellers desire to know
 Where Simois and Granicus did flow;
 Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten stream,
 Be or the soldier's rant, or poet's theme:
 All waters shall unite their fame in thee,
 Lost in thy waves, as those are in the sea.

They

EPISTLE TO MR. MONTAGUE. 187

They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er,
 And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore:
 Smooth was the liquid plain; the sleeping wind,
 More to the sea, than to it's master kind,
 Detain'd a treasure, which we value more
 Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
 But he, with a superior genius born,
 Treats chance with insolence, and death with scorn:
 Darkness and ice in vain obstruct his way,
 Holland is near, and nature must obey;
 Charg'd with our hopes the boat securely rode;
 For Cæsar and his fortune were the load.

With eager transport Belgia met her son,
 Yet trembling for the danger he had run;
 Till, certain of her joy, she bow'd her head,
 Confess her Lord, blest'd his return, and said:

If passion by long absence does improve,
 And makes that rapture, which before was love;
 Think on my old, my intermitted bliss,
 And by my former pleasure measure this:
 Nor by these feeble pillars which I raise,
 Unequal to sustain the hero's praise;
 Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
 To represent your glories, or my heart:
 These humble emblems are design'd to show,
 Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
 Here from your childhood take a short review,
 How Holland's happiness advanc'd with you;
 How her stout vessel did in triumph ride,
 And mock'd her storms, while Orange was her guide.

What

What since has been our fate—I need not say,
 Ill suiting with the blessings of the day,
 Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
 Conquest was only there where he led on.
 Like the Palladium, wherefoe'er you go,
 You turn all death and danger on the foe.
 In you we but too sadly understood
 How angels have their spheres of doing good;
 Else the same soul which did our troops possess,
 And crown'd their daring courage with success,
 Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
 And Fleurus had been still a guiltless plain.
 What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an arm and mind
 Like yours should be to time and place confin'd!
 But thy return shall fix our kinder fate,
 For thee our councils, thee our armies wait;
 Discording Princes shall with thee combine,
 And center all their interests in thine;
 Proud of thy friendship, shall forego their sway,
 As Rome her great Dictator did obey;
 And all united make a Gordian knot,
 Which neither craft shall loose, nor force shall cut.

ON THE LATE
HORRID CONSPIRACY.

THE * youth whose fortune the vast globe obey'd,
Finding his † royal enemy betray'd,
And in his chariot by ‡ vile hands oppress'd,
With noble pity and just rage possess'd,
Wept at his fall from so sublime a state,
And by the traitor's death reveng'd the fate
Of majesty profan'd—so acted too
The generous Cæsar, when the Roman knew
A § coward King had treacherously slain,
** Whom scarce he foil'd on the Pharfalian plain :
The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
And the base author of the crime dethron'd.
Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
Free from the servile arts of barbarous hate :
They knew no foe but in the open field,
And to their cause and to the gods appeal'd.
So William acts—and if his rivals dare
Dispute his reign by arms, he 'll meet them there,
Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the scale,
And lets the good, the just, and brave, prevail.

* Alexander.

† Darius.

‡ Bessus.

§ Ptolemy.

** Pompey.

TO

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SON BEFORE LUXEMBURGH.

HE 's gone! and was it then by your decree,
 Ye envious powers, that we should only see
 This copy of your own divinity?
 Or thought ye it surpassing human state,
 To have a blessing lasting as 't was great?
 Your cruel skill you better ne'er had shown,
 Since you so soon design'd him all your own.
 Such fostering favours to the damn'd are given,
 When, to increase their hell, you show them heaven.
 Was it too godlike, he should long inherit
 At once his father's and his uncle's spirit?
 Yet as much beauty, and as calm a breast,
 As the mild dame whose teeming womb he blest.
 H' had all the favours Providence could give,
 Except its own prerogative to live;
 Reserv'd in pleasures, and in dangers bold,
 Youthful in action, and in prudence old:
 His humble greatness, and submissive state,
 Made his life full of wonder, as his fate;
 One, who, to all the heights of learning bred,
 Read books and men, and practis'd what he read.
 Round the wide globe scarce did the busy sun
 With greater haste and greater lustre run.
 True gallantry and grandeur he descry'd,
 From the French fopperies, and German pride.

And

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE. 191

And like the industrious bee, where'er he flew,
Gather'd the sweets which on sweet blossoms grew.
Babel's confused speeches on his tongue,
With a sweet harmony and concord hung.

More countries than for Homer did contest
Do strive who most were by his presence blest.
Nor did his wisdom damp his martial fire,
Minerva both her portions did inspire,
Use of the warlike bow and peaceful lyre.
So Cæsar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
Showing like wit, as valour when he fought.

If God, as Plato taught, example takes
From his own works, and souls by patterns makes,
Much of himself in him he did unfold,
And cast them in his darling Sidney's mold,
Of too refin'd a substance to be old.

Both did alike disdain an hero's rage
Should come like an inheritance by age.
Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
Bays with the ivy, with their temples kist :
Scorning to wait the slow advance of time,
Both fell like early blossoms in their prime,
By blind events, and Providence's crime.
Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe,
Obtain'd the conquest, in their overthrow ;
And longer life do purchase by their death,
In fame completing what they want in breath.
Oh! had kind fate stretch'd the contracted span,
To the full glories of a perfect man ;

And,

And, as he grew, could every rolling year
 A new addition to our wonder bear,
 H' had paid to his illustrious line that stock
 Of ancient honour, which from thence he took,
 But oh !

So hasty fruits, and too ambitious flowers,
 Scorning the midwifery of ripening showers,
 In spite of frosts, spring from th' unwilling earth,
 But find a nip untimely as their birth :

Abortive issues so delude the womb,
 And scarce have being, ere they want a tomb.

Forgive, my Lord, the Muse that does aspire
 With a new breath to fan your raging fire ;
 Who each officious and unskilful sound
 Can with fresh torture but enlarge the wound.
 Could I, with David, curse the guilty plain,
 Where once more lov'd than Jonathan was slain ;
 Or could I flights high as his merits raise,
 Clear as his virtue, deathless as his praise ;
 None who, though laurels crown'd their aged head,
 Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
 With more devotion should enrol his name
 In the long-consecrated list of fame.

But, since my artless and unhallow'd strain
 Will the high worth, it should commend, profane ;
 Since I despair my humble verse should prove
 Great as your loss, or tender as your love ;
 My heart with sighings, and with tears mine eye,
 Shall the defect of written grief supply.

A POEM,

A P O E M,

DEDICATED TO THE BLESSED MEMORY OF HER
LATE GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

ONCE more, my Muse,—we must an altar raise;—
May it prove lasting, as Maria's praise;
And, the song ended, be the swan's thy doom,
Rest ever silent, as Maria's tomb.

But whence shall we begin? or whither steer?
Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
Where judgment lies in admiration lost,
Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

Some angel, from your own, describe her frame,
For sure your godlike beings are the same:
All that was charming in the fairer kind,
With manly sense and resolution join'd;
A mien compos'd of mildness and of state,
Not by constraint or affectation great;
But form'd by nature for supreme command,
Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's hand;
Yet such her meekness, as half-veil'd the throne,
Lest, being in too great a lustre shown,
It might debar the subject of access,
And make her mercies and our comforts less.
So Gods, of old, descending from their sphere
To visit men, like mortals did appear:
Lest their too awful presence should affright
Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

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O

Thus

Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
 From her bright orb, diffusive like the sun,
 She did her healing influence display,
 And cherish'd all our nether world, that lay
 Within the circle of her radiant day;
 Reliev'd not only those who bounty sought,
 But gave unask'd, and as she gave forgot;
 Found modest Want in her obscure retreat,
 And courted timorous Virtue to be great.
 The Church, which William sav'd, was Mary's care,
 Taught by her life, and guarded by her pray'r;
 What her devotions were, ye cherubs, tell,
 Who ever round the seat of mercy dwell;
 For here she would not have her goodness known,
 But you beheld how she address'd the throne,
 And wonder'd at a zeal so like your own.
 Since she was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like you,
 She should, alas! have been immortal too.

A mind so good, in beauteous strength array'd,
 Assur'd our hopes she might be long obey'd,
 And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have seen
 The hoary grandeur of an aged Queen,
 Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
 As that bright pair which rules the heavenly sphere.

Grace and mild mercy best in her were shown,
 In him the rougher virtues of the throne;
 Of Justice she at home the balance held;
 Abroad, Oppression by his sword was quell'd;
 The generous lion, and the peaceful dove,
 The God of battle, and the Queen of love,

Did in their happy nuptials well agree ;
Like Mars, he led our armies out ; and she
With smiles presided o'er her native sea.

}

Such too their meetings, when our Monarch came
With laurels loaden, and immortal fame :

As when the God on Hæmus quits his arms,
Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms :
Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
And lay the reins of empire at his feet !

With the same temper as the * Latian hind
Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd ;

So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,

And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the clew ;

Forgot the sceptre she so well had sway'd,

And, with that mildness she had rul'd, obey'd ;

Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove,

When in disguise he leaves his power above,

And drowns all other attributes in love.

Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred ear
Of Majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,

Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,

Our joy while living, our despair now dead.

Yet though with Mary one supporter fall,

Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.

Of Sibyl's books, that volume which remain'd,

The perfect value of the whole retain'd.

When in the fiery car Elijah fled,

His spirit doubled on his partner's head ;

* Lucius Quintius.

So will thy people's love, now Mary 's gone,
 Unite both streams, and flow on thee alone.
 The grateful senate with one voice combine
 To breathe their sorrows, and to comfort thine,
 By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
 Does on thy counsels and thy courage wait :
 But, when the vastness of thy grief they see,
 They own 'tis just, and melt in tears with thee.

Blush not, great soul, thus to reveal thy woe;
 Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow;
 Shed by degrees, they pass unfelt away;
 But raise a storm and deluge where they stay.

The bravest heroes have the softest mind,
 Their nature 's, like the Gods, to love inclin'd.
 Homer, who human passions nicely knew,
 When his illustrious Grecian chief he drew,
 Left likewise in his soul one mortal part,
 Whence love and anguish too might reach his heart;
 For a lost mistress, in despair he sate,
 And let declining Troy still struggle with her fate:
 But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
 Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,
 Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans slew,
 And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.

Still greater is thy loss,——be such thy rage,
 As conquer'd Gallia only may assuage.

She who on earth secur'd thee by her prayer,
 Return'd to heaven, shall prove thy guardian angel there,
 And, hovering round thee with her heavenly shield,
 Unseen protect thee in the doubtful field.

TO THE MEMORY OF Q. MARY. 197

Go then, by different paths to glory go,
The church's both estates with Mary show ;
And while above she triumphs, fight below.—
'Tis done—our Monarch to the camp returns,—
The Gallic armies fly—their navy burns,
And earth and seas all bow at his command,
And Europe owns her peace from his victorious hand.

THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.

AT Anna's call the Austrian eagle flies,
Bearing her thunder to the southern skies ;
Where a rash Prince, with an unequal sway,
Inflames the region, and misguides the day ;
Till the usurper, from his chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the world.

THE NATURE OF DREAMS.

AT dead of night imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps,
Then airy phantoms a mix'd scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day ;
For memory those images retains,
Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chace they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams,
Grants or disgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard,
The cit's a knight, the sycophant a lord.

Thus fancy 's in the wild distraction lost,
 With what we most abhor, or covet most.
 But of all passions that our dreams control,
 Love prints the deepest image in the soul;
 For vigorous fancy and warm blood dispense
 Pleasures so lively that they rival sense.
 Such are the transports of a willing maid,
 Not yet by time and place to act betray'd,
 Whom spies or some faint virtue forc'd to fly
 That scene of joy, which yet she dies to try.
 Till fancy bawds, and, by mysterious charms,
 Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
 Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce delight,
 And curses the returns of envious light.
 In such blest dreams Byblis enjoys a flame,
 Which waking she detests, and dares not name.
 Ixion gives a loose to his wild love,
 And in his airy visions cuckolds Jove.
 Honours and state before this phantom fall;
 For sleep, like death its image, equals all.

V E R S E S

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONS. MAY-
 NARD, TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

I.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
 My muse was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
 The sports and smiles did round her fly,
 Enamour'd with her smart conceitti.

II. Now

II.

Now (who 'd have thought it once?) with pain
 She strings her harp, whilst freezing age
 But feebly runs through every vein,
 And chills my brisk poetic rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
 To wine and women, dead in law;
 And soon from fate I shall receive
 A summons to the shades to go.

IV.

The warrior ghosts will round me come
 To hear of fam'd Ramillia's fight,
 Whilst the vext Bourbons through the gloom
 Retire to th' utmost realms of night.

V.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
 With pensions every muse inspire;
 Who Marlborough's conquests did pursue,
 And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

VI.

But should some drolling sprite demand,
 Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray?
 How like a coxcomb should I stand!
 What would your Lordship have me say?

JUVENAL SATIRE VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satire, the poet proves that nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being insolent, by reason of his high birth; and lays down an instance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horses, who are valued rather according to their personal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He advises his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the satire) to lead a virtuous life, dissuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppression, cruelty, and other vices, by his severe censures on Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Cataline; and in opposition to these, displays the worth of persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The translator of this satire industriously avoided imposing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes: but finding towards the latter end many examples of noblemen who disgraced their ancestors by vicious practices, and of men meanly born, who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought some historical relations were necessary towards rendering those instances more intelligible; which is all he pretends

to by his remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy passage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius, which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confined himself to the strict rules of translation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphrasing, or reconciling the Roman customs to our modern usage; he hopes this freedom is pardonable, since he has not used it but when he found the original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of such a change.

WHAT's the advantage, or the real good,
 In tracing from the source our antient blood?
 To have our ancestors in paint or stone,
 Preserv'd as relicks, or like monsters shewn?
 The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
 The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
 Corvinus, with a mouldering nose, that bears
 Injurious scars, the sad effects of years?
 And Galba grinning without nose or ears?
 Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
 By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
 Though plodding heralds through each branch may trace
 Old Captains and Dictators of their race,
 While their ill lives that family bely,
 And grieve the brass which stands dishonour'd by.
 'Tis mere burlesque, that to our Generals praise
 Their progeny immortal statues raise,

Yet

Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
To game before their images all night,
And steal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when these their ensigns did display.

Why should soft Fabius impudently bear
Names gain'd by conquests in the Gallic war?
Why lays he claim to Hercules's strain,
Yet dares be base, effeminate and vain?
The glorious altar to that hero built
Adds but a greater lustre to his guilt,
Whose tender limbs and polish'd skin disgrace
The grisly beauty of his manly race;
And who, by practising the dismal skill
Of poisoning, and such treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy kindred marble sweat,
When his degenerate head by theirs is set.

Long galleries of ancestors, and all
The follies which ill-grace a country hall,
Challenge no wonder or esteem from me;
“Virtue alone is true nobility.”

Live therefore well: to men and gods appear,
Such as good Paulus, Cossus, Drusus, were;
And in thy consular, triumphal show,
Let these before thy father's statues go;
Place them before the ensigns of the state,
As choosing rather to be good than great.
Convince the world that you 're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you 're sure to be
A peer of the first magnitude to me:

Rome

Rome for your sake shall push her conquests on,
And bring new titles home from nations won,
To dignify so eminent a son.

With your blest name shall every region sound,
Loud as mad Egypt, when her priests have found
A new Osiris for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call those noble, who deface,
By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
Whose only title to our fathers' fame
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
A dwarf as well may for a giant pass;
A negro for a swan; a crook-back'd lass
Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
The name of tiger, lion, or whate'er
Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast:
Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
Should thee just so with the mock titles greet
Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and censure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you;
Who think your person second to divine,
Because descended from the Drusian line;
Though yet you no illustrious act have done,
To make the world distinguish Julia's son
From the vile offspring of a trull, who sits
By the town wall, and for a living knits.

" You are poor rogues (you cry) the baser scum
" And inconsiderable dregs of Rome;
" Who know not from what corner of the earth
" The obscure wretch, who got you, stole his birth:

" Mine

" Mine I derive from Cecrops"—May your Grace
Live and enjoy the splendor of your race!—

Yet of these base plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence, have grown
Great senators, and honours to that gown: }

Some at the bar with subtilty defend

The cause of an unlearned noble friend;

Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:

Others their stronger youth to arms apply,

Go to Euphrates, or those forces join

Which garrison the conquests near the Rhine.

While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;

Though you resemble your great family

No more, than those rough statues on the road

(Which we call Mercuries) are like that God:

Your blockhead though excels in this alone,

You are a living statue, that of stone.

Great son of Troy, who ever prais'd a beast

For being of a race above the rest,

But rather meant his courage, and his force?

To give an instance—We commend a horse

(Without regard of pasture or of breed)

For his undaunted mettle and his speed;

Who wins most plates with greatest ease, and first

Prints with his hoofs his conquests on the dust.

But if fleet Dragon's progeny at last

Prove jaded, and in frequent matches cast,

No favour for the stallion we retain,

And no respect for the degenerate strain;

The

The worthless brute is from New-Market brought,
And at an under-rate in Smithfield bought,
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
First, Sir, some honour of your own acquire;
Add to that stock which justly we bestow
On those blest shades to whom you all things owe.

This may suffice the haughty youth to shame,
Whose swelling veins (if we may credit fame)
Burst almost with the vanity and pride
That their rich blood to Nero's is ally'd:
The rumour 's likely; for " We seldom find
" Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd."

But Ponticus, I would not you should raise
Your credit by hereditary praise;
Let your own acts immortalise your name;
" 'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.

Be a good foldier, or upright trustee,
An arbitrator from corruption free.
And if a witness in a doubtful cause,
Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws;
Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
And he would dictate what he 'd have you swear,
Be not so profligate, but rather chuse
To guard your honour, and your life to lose,

Rather

Rather than let your virtue be betray'd ;
Virtue the noblest cause for which you 're made.

“ Improperly we measure life by breath ;
“ Such do not truly live who merit death ;”
Though they their wanton senses nicely please
With all the charms of luxury and ease ;
Though mingled flowers adorn their careless brow,
And round them costly sweets neglected flow,
As if they in their funeral state were laid,
And to the world, as they 're to virtue, dead.

When you the province you expect, obtain,
From passion and from avarice refrain ;
Let our associates poverty provoke
Thy generous heart not to increase their yoke,
Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.

To what the laws enjoin, submission pay ;
And what the Senate shall command, obey.
Think what rewards upon the good attend,
And how those fall unpitied who offend :
Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
Who felt the thunder of the States decree,
For robbing the Cecilians, though they
(Like lesser pikes) only subsist on prey.
But what avails the rigour of their doom ?
Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
Nor give the miserable province ease,
Since what one plunderer left, the next will seize.

Cherippus then, in time yourself bethink,
And what your rags will yield by auction, sink ;

Ne'er

Ne'er put yourself to charges to complain
Of wrong which heretofore you did sustain,
Make not a voyage to detect the theft :
'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

When Rome at first our rich allies subdued,
From gentle taxes noble spoils accrued ;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppress'd,
Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
All treasuries did then with heaps abound ;
In every wardrobe costly silks were found ;
The least apartment of the meanest house
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce ;
Pictures which from Parrhasius did receive
Motion and warmth ; and statues taught to live :
Some Polyclete's, some Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidias' master-piece appear'd ;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
Emboss'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
These Dolabella's rapine did excite,
These Antony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for these did sacrilege commit ;
And when their reigns were ended, ships full fraught
The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.

This was of old ; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed ;
Yet lest this provident design succeed,

They

They drive the father of the herd away,
 Making both stallion and his pasture prey.
 Their rapine is so abject and prophane,
 They not from trifles nor from Gods refrain;
 But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
 If they be little images that please.
 Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
 And are the greatest, nay, they 're all that 's left.
 Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppress,
 Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
 For how can fops thy tyranny control,
 " Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul."
 But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
 Sclavonia, France; thy gripes from those restrain,
 Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain,
 And send us plenty, while our wanton day
 Is lavish'd at the Circus, or the play.
 For, should you to extortion be inclin'd,
 Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
 Since gleaning Marius has already seiz'd
 All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeez'd.
 But, above all, " Be careful to with-hold
 " Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
 " Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
 " For, though your violence should leave them bare
 " Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
 " And will revenge the wrongs which they sustain;
 " The plunder'd still have arms——."

Think not the precept I have here laid down
 A fond, uncertain notion of my own;

No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure, as the decrees of fate.

Let none but men of honour you attend ;
Choose him that has most virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
To all assizes and through every town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey
(For which your justice and your fame will pay).
Keep yourself free from scandals such as these ;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you please :
If he's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Choose any Titan who the Gods withstood
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.

But should you prove ambitious, lustful, vain ;
Or could you see with pleasure and disdain,
Rods broke on our associates bleeding backs,
And heads-men labouring till they blunt their ax ;
Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expose your shame ;
" For still more public scandal vice extends,
" As he is great and noble who offends."

How dare you then your high extraction plead ?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,

In the same temple which your grandfire built ;
 Making his statue privy to the guilt.
 Or in a bawdy masquerade are led,
 Muffled by night, to some polluted bed.

Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
 Where his forefathers peaceful ashes sleep ;
 Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
 And (though a consul) links himself the wheel :
 To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
 Yet the moon sees, and every smaller light
 Pries as a witness of the shameful fight. }
 Nay when his year of honour 's ended, soon
 He 'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon ;
 Nor blush should he some grave acquaintance meet,
 But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet :
 And when his fellow-beasts are weary grown,
 He 'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them down.
 If, after Numa's ceremonial way,
 He at Jove's altar would a victim slay,
 To no clean goddess he directs his prayers,
 But by Hippona most devoutly swears,
 Or some rank deity, whose filthy face
 We suitably o'er stinking stables place.

When he has run his length, and does begin
 To steer his course directly for the inn
 (Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night),
 A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight,
 Presents him essence, while his courteous host
 (Well knowing nothing by good-breeding 's lost)

Tags every sentence with some fawning word,
 Such as "My King, My Prince," at least "My Lord;"
 And a tight maid, ere he for wine can ask,
 Guesſes his meaning, and unſoils the flask.
 Some, friends to vice, induſtriouſly defend
 Theſe innocent diverſions, and pretend
 That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
 Alledging that when young we did the ſame.
 I grant we did, yet when that age was paſt,
 The frolic humour did no longer laſt;
 We did not cheriſh and indulge the crime:
 What's foul in acting, ſhould be left in time.
 'Tis true, ſome faults, of courſe, with childhood end,
 We therefore wink at wags when they offend,
 And ſpare the boy, in hopes the man may mend. }

But Lateranus (now his vigorous age
 Should prompt him for his country to engage,
 The circuit of our empire to extend,
 And all our lives in Cæſar's to defend)
 Mature in riots, places his delight
 All day in plying bumpers, and at night
 Reels to the bawds, over whoſe doors are ſet
 Pictures and bills, with "Here are whores to let."
 Should any deſperate unexpected fate
 Summon all heads and hands to guard the ſtate,
 Cæſar, ſend quickly to ſecure the port;
 "But where's the general? where does he reſort?"
 Send to the ſutler's; there y' are ſure to find
 The bully match'd with rafcals of his kind,

Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and failors;
 Rooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves, and tailors;
 With Cybele's priests, who, weary'd with processions,
 Drink there, and sleep with knaves of all professions,
 A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
 And all, who can, have liberty to jest:
 One flaggon walks the round, that none should think
 They either change, or stint him of his drink:
 And, lest exceptions may for place be found,
 Their stools are all alike, their table round.

What think you, Ponticus, yourself might do,
 Should any slave so lewd belong to you?
 No doubt, you 'd send the rogue in fetters bound
 To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
 But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
 Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
 Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
 As if what we esteem in coblers base,
 Would the high family of Brutus grace.

Shameful are these examples, yet we find
 (To Rome's disgrace) far worse than these behind;
 Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
 Fluttering with coach and six about the town,
 Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
 And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
 For now he must (since his estate is lost)
 Or represent, or be himself, a ghost:
 And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
 Were I a judge, he should not feign the part.

Nor

Nor would I their vile insolence acquit,
 Who can with patience, nay diversion, sit,
 Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
 And clapping farces acted by the court,
 While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport :
 Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try ;
 Certain to fall unpity'd if they die ;
 Since none can have the favourable thought
 That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
 But that their lives they willingly expose,
 Bought by the Prætors to adorn their shows.

}

Yet say, the stage and lists were both in fight,
 And you must either choose to act, or fight ;
 Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
 That a rank coward basely would escape
 By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
 Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
 Yet a peer actor is no monstrous thing,
 Since Rome has own'd a fidler for a king :
 After such pranks, the world itself at best
 May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.

Go to the lists where feats of arms are shown,
 There you 'll find Gracchus (from patrician) grown
 A fencer and the scandal of the town.
 Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
 The modest helmet he disdains to wear ;
 As Retiarius he attacks his foe ;
 First waves his trident ready for the throw,

}

Next casts his net, but neither level'd right,
 He stares about expos'd to public fight,
 Then places all his safety in his flight.
 Room for the noble gladiator! See
 His coat and hatband shew his quality.
 Thus when at last the brave Mirmillo knew
 'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
 To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
 Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.

Had we the freedom to express our mind,
 There's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,
 But will own, Seneca did far excel
 His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell:
 To expiate whose complicated guilt,
 With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
 Rome should more serpents, apes, and facks provide,
 Than one for the compendious parricide.
 'Tis true, Orestes a like crime did act;
 Yet weigh the cause, there's difference in the fact:
 He slew his mother at the gods' command,
 They bid him strike, and did direct his hand;
 To punish falsehood, and appease the ghost
 Of his poor father treacherously lost,
 Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
 With a full tide enlarg'd his chearful soul.
 Yet kill'd he not his sister, or his wife,
 Nor aim'd at any near relation's life;
 Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
 Ne'er play'd or sung upon a public stage;

Never

Never on verse did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid scene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who, to raise his fancy higher,
And finish the great work, set Rome on fire.
Such crimes make treason just, and might compel
Virginus, Vindex, Galba, to rebel;
For what could Nero's self have acted worse
To aggravate the wretched nation's curse?

These are the blest endowments, studies, arts,
Which exercise our mighty Emperor's parts;
Such frolics with his roving genius suit,
On foreign theatres to prostitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parsley-crown,
Let this triumphal chaplet find some place
Among the other trophies of thy race;
By the Domitii's statues shall be laid
The habit and the mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold Thyestes' part,
(While your wild nature little wanted art)
And on the marble pillar shall be hung
The lute to which the Royal Madman sung.

Who, Catiline, can boast a nobler line
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine?
Yet you took arms, and did by night conspire
To set your houses and our gods on fire.
(An enterprize which might indeed become
Our enemies, the Gauls, not sons of Rome,

To recompense whose barbarous intent
 Pitch'd shirts would be too mild a punishment):
 But Tully, our wise consul, watch'd the blow,
 With care discover'd, and disarm'd the foe;
 Tully, the humble mushroom, scarcely known,
 The lowly native of a country town
 (Who till of late could never reach the height
 Of being honour'd as a Roman knight),
 Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
 Dealing an equal share to every ward,
 And by the peaceful robe got more renown
 Within our walls, than young Octavius won
 By victories at Actium, or the plain
 Of Thessaly, discolour'd by the slain:
 Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
 The Father of his Country, which he freed.

Marius (another consul we admire)
 In the same village born, first plow'd for hire;
 His next advance was to the soldier's trade,
 Where, if he did not nimbly ply the spade,
 His surly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
 His knotty cudgel on his tougher back:
 Yet he alone secur'd the tottering state,
 Withstood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
 So when the eagles to their quarry flew
 (Who never such a goodly banquet knew)
 Only a second laurel did adorn
 His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
 He shar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
 But Marius won the glory of the day.

From

From a mean stock the pious Decii came,
 Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
 Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
 For Rome and all our legions did atone;
 Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
 Themselves more worth than all the host they sav'd.
 The last good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
 Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
 Yet he those robes of empire justly bore,
 Which Romulus, our sacred founder, wore:
 Nicely he gain'd, and well possess'd the throne,
 Not for his father's merit, but his own,
 And reign'd, himself a family alone.

When Tarquin, his proud successor, was quell'd,
 And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd,
 The consuls sons (who, for their country's good,
 And to inhance the honour of their blood,
 Should have asserted what their father won,
 And, to confirm that liberty, have done
 Actions which Cocles might have wish'd his own;
 What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
 And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
 Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
 Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power:
 Whilst a poor slave, with scarce a name, betray'd
 The horrid ills these well-born rogues had laid;
 Who therefore for their treason justly bore
 The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
 And courage to sustain a ten-years war;

Though

Though foul Therfites got thee, thou shalt be
 More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
 Than if by chance you from some hero came,
 In nothing like your father but his name.

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage stretch
 As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
 You 'll find, in these hereditary tales,
 Your ancestors the scum of broken jails;
 And Romulus, your honour's ancient source,
 But a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.

H O R A C E . B O O K I I I . O D E V I I .

I M I T A T E D .

I.

DE A R Molly, why so oft in tears?
 Why all these jealousies and fears,
 For thy bold Son of Thunder?
 Have patience till we 've conquer'd France,
 Thy closet shall be stor'd with Nantz;
 Ye ladies like such plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
 Where all the live-long night he sighs
 For thee in lousy cabin:
 And though the Captain's Chloe cries,
 " 'Tis I, dear Bully, pr'ythee rise"—
 He will not let the drab in.

III. But

III.

But she, the cunning'st jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By sharing female bounties :
And, if he 'll be but kind one night,
She vows he shall be dubb'd a knight,
When she is made a countess.

IV.

Then tells of smooth young pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd, and of their liveries stripp'd ;
Who late to peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With links, because they would not drudge
To save their ladies longing.

V.

But Val the eunuch cannot be
A colder cavalier than he,
In all such love-adventures :
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Christian care, and do not break
Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair! (who does not Bellair know ?
The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
Gives out, he loves you dearly :
And many a nymph attack'd with figs,
And soft impertinence and noise,
Full oft has beat a parley.

VII. But,

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
 Shall come with amorous serenade,
 Soon from the window rate him :
 But if reproof will not prevail,
 And he perchance attempt to scale,
 Discharge the jordan at him.

H O R A C E . B O O K I V . O D E I X .

I.

V E R S E S immortal as my bays I sing,
 When suited to my trembling string :
 When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
 To make one pleasing harmony.
 All poets are by their blind captain led,
 (For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
 To tear the well-plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
 Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
 Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
 Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
 Still does Stefichorus's tongue
 Sing sweeter than the bird which on it hung.
 Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
 Love from every verse does flow ;
 Still Sappho's strings do seem to move,
 Instructing all her sex to love.

II. Golden

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
 More than Helen did ensnare;
 Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
 And, wondering, melted to desire.
 Not only skilful Teucer knew
 To direct arrows from the bended yew.
 Troy more than once did fall,
 Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
 Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
 A subject fit for lasting poetry?
 Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
 Who, to save others lives, expos'd his own?
 Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
 And be the pillar of a tottering state?
 No; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
 As silent as their grave,
 Because no charitable poet gave
 Their well-deserved immortality.

III.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave,
 Are level'd in th' impartial grave,
 If they no poet have. }
 But I will lay my music by,
 And bid the mournful strings in silence lie;
 Unless my songs begin and end with you,
 To whom my strings, to whom my songs, are due.
 No pride does with your rising honours grow,
 You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.

Should

Should fortune change your happy state,
 You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
 Your equal hand holds an unbiass'd scale,
 Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail :
 You with a generous honesty despise
 What all the meaner world so dearly prize :
 Nor does your virtue disappear,
 With the small circle of one short-liv'd year :
 Others, like comets, visit and away ;
 Your lustre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
 But with the constant Sun makes an eternal day.

IV.

We barbarously call those blest,
 Who are of largest tenements possess,
 Whilst swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
 More truly happy those, who can
 Govern that little empire, Man ;
 Bridle their passions and direct their will
 Through all the glittering paths of charming ill ;
 Who spend their treasure freely as 'twas given
 By the large bounty of indulgent heaven ;
 Who, in a fixt unalterable state,
 Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
 And scorn alike her friendship and her hate ;
 Who poison less than falshood fear,
 Loth to purchase life so dear ;
 But kindly for their friend embrace cold Death,
 And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOLLOWING
VERSE FROM LUCAN.

“*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

The Gods and Cato did in this divide,
They choose the conquering, he the conquer'd side.

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH.

MUN, rarely credit Common Fame,
Unheeded let her praise or blame;
As whimsies guide the gossip tattles
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles;
To-day the warrior's brow she crowns,
For naval spoils, and taken towns;
To-morrow all her spite she rallies,
And votes the victor to the gallies.
Nor in her visits can she spare
The reputation of the fair.
For instance:—Chloe's bloom did boast
A while to be the reigning toast;
Lean hectic sparks abandon'd bohea,
And in beer-glasses pledg'd to Chloe:
What fops of figure did she bring
To the Front-boxes and the Ring?
While nymphs of quality look fullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.

Blest

Blest charmer she, till prying Fame
 Incog. to Miss's toilet came ;
 Where in the gally-pots she spy'd
 Lilies and roses, that defy'd
 The frost of age, with certain pickles
 They call—Cosmetics for the freckles :
 Away she flew with what she wanted,
 And told at Court that Chloe painted.

“ Then who 'd on common Fame rely,
 “ Whose chief employment 's to decry ?
 “ A cogging, fickle, jilting female,
 “ As ever ply'd at fix in the Mall ;
 “ The father of all fibs begat her
 “ On some old newfman's fusty daughter.”

O Captain ! Taisez-vous—'twere hard
 Her novels ne'er should have regard :
 One proof I 'll in her favour give,
 Which none but you will disbelieve.

When Phœbus sent her to recite
 The praises of the most polite,
 Whose scenes have been, in every age,
 The glories of the British stage ;
 Then she, to rigid truth confin'd,
 Your name with lofty Shakespeare join'd ;
 And, speaking as the God directed,
 The praise she gave was unsuspected.

T H E S P E L L *.

WHENE'ER I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the noose preside!

Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,

Or let me still a rover live:

But if all these no nymph can share,

And I 'm predestin'd to the snare,

Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.

}

Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,

Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood;

And twitching him, said, Youth, be wise,

Ask not impossibilities:

A faultless make, a manag'd wit,

Humour and fortune never met:

But if a beauty you 'd obtain,

Court some bright Phyllis of the brain;

The dear idea long enjoy,

Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.

But trust me, youth, for I 'm sincere,

And know the ladies to a hair:

Howe'er small poets whine upon it,

In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,

Their beauty 's but a SPELL, to bring

A lover to th' enchanted ring;

Ere the sack posset is digested,

Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,

* This poem, with a few alterations, is to be found in Fenton,
(see Vol. XXXV.) under the title of "The Platonic Spell." N.

The winning air, the wanton trip,
 The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
 From which you fragrant kisses stole,
 And seem to suck her springing soul—
 These, and the rest, you doated on,
 Are nauseous or insipid grown;
 The SPELL dissolves, the cloud is gone,
 And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

E L E G Y
 UPON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS,
 F R O M O V I D .

IF Memnon's fate, bewail'd with constant dew,
 Does, with the day, his mother's grief renew;
 If her son's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
 To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind;
 If mighty Gods can mortals' sorrow know,
 And be the humble partners of our woe;
 Now loose your tresses, pensive Elegy,
 (Too well your office and your name agree)
 Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
 Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
 Sad Cupid now despairs of conquering hearts,
 Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts;
 Eases his useless bows from idle strings,
 Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
 He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, rest,
 And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast.

Thol

Those graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
 The whiter rivals of the falling snow,
 Forget their beauty, and in discord lie,
 Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
 Not more Æneas' loss the boy did move;
 Like passions for them both, prove equal love.
 Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddess more,
 More swells her eyes, than when the savage boar
 Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.

Poets large souls heaven's noblest stamps do bear,
 (Poets, the watchful angels darling care :)
 Yet death (blind archer) that no difference knows,
 Without respect his roving arrows throws.
 Nor Phœbus, nor the Muses' queen, could give
 Their son, their own prerogative, to live.
 Orpheus, the heir of both his parents' skill,
 Tam'd wondering beasts, and Death's more cruel will.
 Linus' sad strings on the dumb lute do lie,
 In silence forc'd to let their master die.
 Homer (the spring to whom we poets owe
 Our little all does in sweet numbers flow)
 Remains immortal only in his fame,
 His works alone survive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
 And needless victims prodigally pay,
 Worship their sleeping Deities : yet Death
 Scorns votaries, and stops the praying breath.
 To hallow'd shrines intruding Fate will come,
 And drag you from the altar to the tomb.

Go, frantic poet, with delusions fed,
 Think laurels guard your consecrated head,
 Now the sweet master of your art is dead.
 What can we hope? since that a narrow span
 Can measure the remains of thee, great man!
 The bold rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
 And see Tibullus, and not trembling die,
 Durst seize on temples, and their gods defy.
 Fair Venus (fair ev'n in such sorrows) stands,
 Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
 Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
 To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His mother weeping does his eye-lids close,
 And on his urn tears, her last gift, bestows.
 His sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
 Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.

With those, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
 And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
 Both hug his urn, both his lov'd ashes kiss,
 And both contend which reap'd the greater bliss.
 Thus Delia spoke (when sighs no more could last)
 Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;

“ When youth with vigour did for joy combine,

“ I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:

“ I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,

“ And kept alive, till age, his active fire.”

To her then Nemesis (when groans gave leave),

“ As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:

“ Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,

“ About my neck his dying arms did twine;

“ I snatch'd

ON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS. 229

" I snatch'd his soul, which true to me did prove :

" Age ended yours, death only stopp'd my love."

If any poor remains survive the flames,
Except thin shadows, and more empty names ;
Free in Elysium shall Tibullus rove,
Nor fear a second death should cross his love.
There shall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
To his far dearer friend his open heart :
There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
Such shall our poet's blest companions be,
And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
But thou, rich urn, obey my strict commands,
Guard thy great charge from sacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, Tibullus' ashes gently use,
And be as soft and easy as his Muse.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

ENGLISHED FROM A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

BRIGHT Star ! by Venus fix'd above
To rule the happy realms of love ;

Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost other lights as far out-shine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine ;
Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.

Q 3.

Exert,

Exert, bright star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night;
Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I 'm forc'd to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

C O N .

C O N T E N T S.

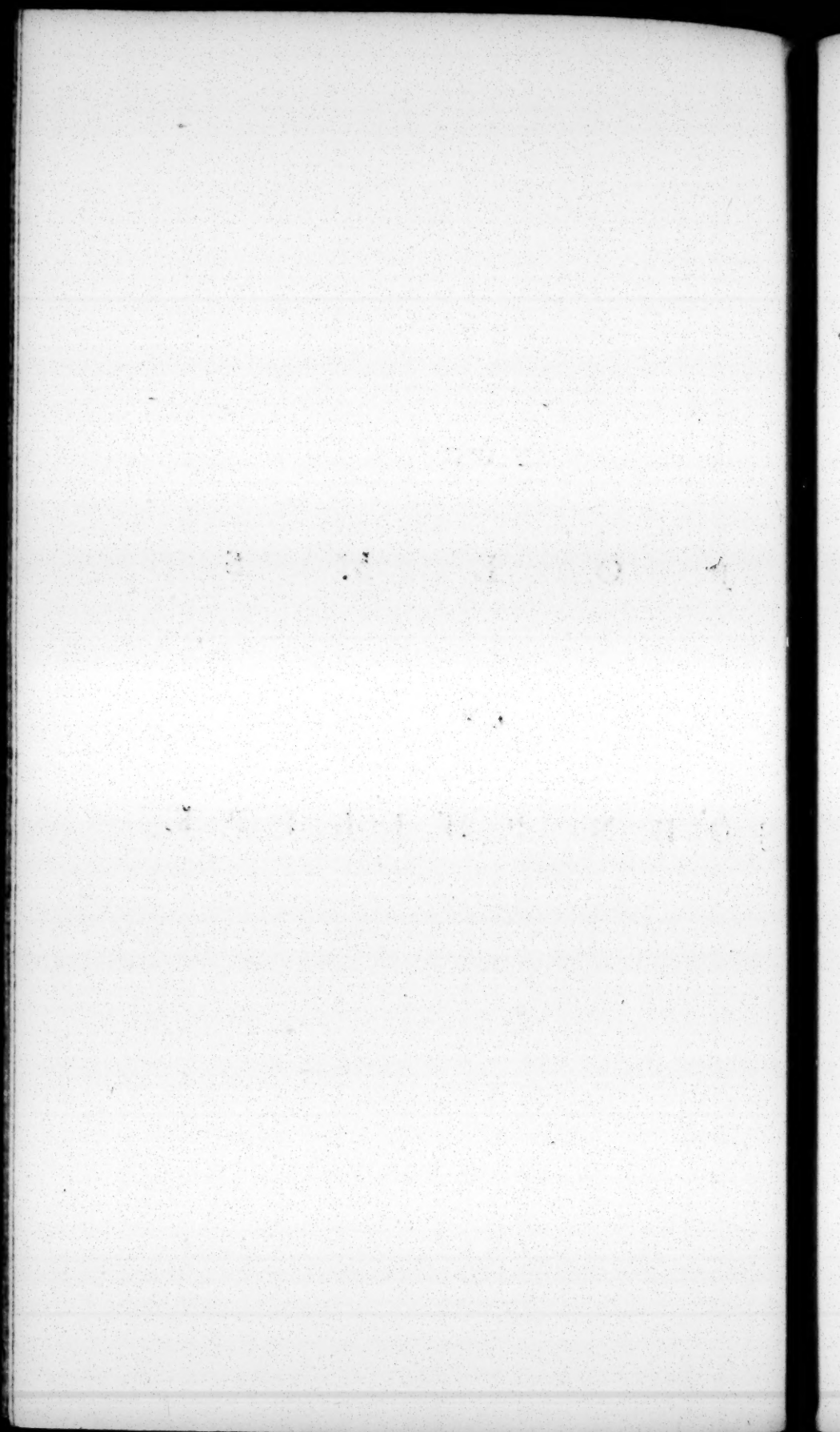
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THE

P O E M S

OF

J O H N P H I L I P S.



MR. PHILIPS'S DESIGNED DEDICATION

T O

THE S P L E N D I D S H I L L I N G.

TO W. BROME, ESQ. OF EWITHINGTON, IN THE
COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

S I R,

IT would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of Dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reason to believe that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century, at which time, mottoes, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, Dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were first ushered in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge; a work that can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your operose Doctor Bentley. Let us therefore at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a sufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem. Especially since in this age Dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary; and

and indeed they are now so much in vogue, that a book without one, is as seldom seen as a bawdy-house without a Practice of Piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good christians; some to their book-fellers; some, for want of a sublunary patron, to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those hen-pecked writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! but while I talk so much of other mens patrons, I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on Dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose. You, Sir, are a person more tender of other mens reputation than your own; and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you shewed to my fingers ends when you gave me a tobacco-stopper, you would blush and be confounded with your just praises. How much more would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language, the Saxon? Since, therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness

exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handled by any poets. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Bog. Yet since I am the subject, and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vain-glorious. As for the moral, I have taken particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients, who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But here you may look a good while, and perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprize to the reader. What shall I say of the similes, that are so full of geography, that you must get a Welshman to understand them? that so raise our ideas of the things they are applied to? that are so extraordinarily quaint and well chosen that there's nothing like them? So that I think I may, without vanity, say, *Avia Pieridum peragro loca, &c.* Yet, however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money, and was finished when he had the misfortune at a virtuous lady's house to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger
and

238 INTENDED DEDICATION, &c.

and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an essay on Minced Pies, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

And humble servant,

J. PHILIPS.

THE

T H E
S P L E N D I D S H I L L I N G .

“ ————— Sing, heavenly Muse!
“ Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,”
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In filken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury furrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
 Yclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
 To my ærial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole; frait my bristling hairs erect
 Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! His faded brow

Entrench'd

Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men !) Behind him stalks
 Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 First have endued : if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors ! when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
 The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web

Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue ;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, intangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make : with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils ;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood ;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :

But

But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay;
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
 My Galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
 An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
 Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
 She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,

Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
The mariners ; death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray :

(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

BLENNHEIM,

B L E N H E I M.

FROM low and abject themes the groveling Muse
 Now mounts ærial, to sing of arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
 Of Britain's hero; may the verse not sink
 Beneath his merits, but detain awhile
 Thy ear, O Harley *! (though thy country's weal
 Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
 Thy hourly counsels) since, with every art
 Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
 Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
 The willing genius to the Muses' seat:
 Therefore thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing.

Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontrol'd,
 Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
 Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
 As erst Sesostris (proud Egyptian king,
 That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yokt
 (Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
 Last furious; they in fullen majesty
 Drew the uneasy load); nor less he aim'd
 At universal sway: for William's arm
 Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;

* This poem was inscribed to the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Esq; 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly essay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak,
That stands secure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores:
So stood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air,
And other climes, where different food and soil
Portend distempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigued with length
Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills,
All white with summer's snows. They go beyond
The trace of English steps, where scarce the sound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor small
Encouragement: Godolphin, wise and just,
Equal in merit, honour, and success,
To Burleigh (fortunate alike to serve
The best of Queens): he, of the royal store
Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
The soldier's ease; to regions far remote

His care extends ; and to the British host
Makes ravish'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill ! at thy wisht approach
The Germans, hopeless of success, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New-animated rouze ; not more rejoice
The miserable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumm'd with frosts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement sky !
When first the sun with new-born light removes
The long-incumbent gloom ; gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
In military honour next, although
His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
Victorious ; on thy powerful sword alone
Germania and the Belgic coast relies,
Won from th' encroaching sea : that sword great Anne
Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,
When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illustrating the noble list ; her hand
Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
Immediate sieges, and the tire of war,
Roll in thy eager mind ; thy plummy crest
Nods horrible ; with more terrific port
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests, then did Albion hope

From thy achievements! yet thou hast surpass'd
Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy; they, in multitude
Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate bespoke: O friend, observe
How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
The Britons come, with gold well fraught, they come
Thus far our prey, and tempt us to subdue
Their recreant force; how will their bodies stript
Enrich the victors, while the vultures fate
Their maws with full repast!—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd:
What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
Of base antagonists, with griding edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,
Counfounded and appal'd! no trivial price
Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn
Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boasted chief.

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces express; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
Refrain: Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
Decline the war? Shall a morass forbid

Your

Your easy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way
Safe of access. Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boast
He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
He soon revisits Britany, that once
Resplendent came, with stretcht retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry; O hapless fate,
If any arm, but Churchill's, had prevail'd!

No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
Of cowardice; the military mound
The British files transcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either side the trumpets blew,
Signal of onset, resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Decisive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with less vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæsar, and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,
Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandishing his Noric blade,
Best-temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field!
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
Presumptuous comes; here Churchill, not so prompt
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins

With

With Eugene's German force. Now from each
The brazen instruments of death discharge
Horrific flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoke sulphureous; intermixt with these
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprizing slaughter; on each side they fly
By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
Th' ensanguin'd field: with latent mischief stor'd
Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
Disploding murderous bowels, fragments of steel,
And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust;
A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
Fly diverse, working torment, and foul rout
With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds
Disdain the curb, and, flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.

Thus through each army death in various shapes
Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were seen,
None of retreat. As when two adverse winds,

Sublim'd

Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-sky
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
Levy'ing their equal force with utmost rage ;
Long undecided lasts the airy strife :
So they incens'd ; till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm ; with speed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
Rolling in death : destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd,
Descrying from afar, some engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd
By one nice shot to terminate the war.
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miss'd her scope (for Destiny withstood
Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her way
Beneath his courser ; round his sacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O ! beware,
Great warrior ! nor, too prodigal of life,
Expose the British safety : hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw ? Reserve
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal prest,
Awaits ; this day of all his honours gain'd
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour : permit not thou

So

So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
 To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift, and fierce
 As wintery storm, he flies, to reinforce
 The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
 He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
 With headless ranks (so Ajax interpos'd
 His sevenfold shield, and screen'd Laertes' son,
 For valour much, and warlike wiles, renown'd,
 When the insulting Trojans urg'd him fore
 With tilted spears): unmanly dread invades
 The French astoni'd; strait their useless arms
 They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
 Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
 The hideous noise. What can they do? or how
 Withstand his wide-destroying sword? or where
 Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
 Resistless, th' eager English champions press,
 Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
 His current swift, the Danube vast and deep,
 Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reacht,
 New horror chill'd their veins; devote they saw
 Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
 To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
 Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
 On the firm land; the rest, discomfited,
 And pusht by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood.
 Bands numerous as the Memphian soldiery

That

That swell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellously flood,
Observant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thousands float the stream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore;
Confiding in their hands, that sed'lous strive
To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this distress,
Ev'n in the fight of death, some tokens shew
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain: vain love, though laudable! absorb'd
By a fierce eddy, they together found
The vast profundity; their horses paw
The swelling surge with fruitless toil: furcharg'd,
And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The lingering remnant with unusual tide;
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when some sweltering travellers retire
To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian stream; her tail
Of vast extension from her watery den,
A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth,
Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls: th' unweeting prey
Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.

Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,

Pierc'd

Pierc'd sinking ; shrouded in a dusky cloud
 The current flows, with livid missive flames
 Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
 Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the swift-footed son
 Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursued
 The straggling Trojans : nor less eager drove
 Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
 Into the deep immense, that many a league
 Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distained.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
 Mighty in conflict, rescued harrafs'd powers
 From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
 Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
 Sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long defer'd
 The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
 An host disparted ; when in union firm
 Embodiy'd they advanc'd, collecting all
 Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdued :
 He the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
 Down to the realms of Night. The British souls,
 (A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
 On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladsome air,
 Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
 Unnumber'd ; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
 Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
 Not so the new inhabitants : they roam
 Erroneous, and disconsolate ; themselves
 Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident
 Of military chance ; when lo ! they see,
 Through the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,

Two lovely youths, that amicably walked
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
Anna's late conquests ; * one, to empire born,
Egregious Prince, whose manly childhood shew'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unspeaking ; † thou, his associate dear
Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
Should'st Churchill be ! but Heaven severe cut short
Their springing years, nor would this isle should boast
Gifts so important ! them the Gallic shades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
Delighted ; till, in one, their curious eye
Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,
And corresponding features fear ; to them
Confusion ! strait the airy phantoms fleet,
With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit.
The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.

Enough, O Muse : the sadly-pleasing theme
Leave, with these dark abodes, and re-ascend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqueror, and sav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark ! how the cannon, inoffensive now,
Gives signs of gratulation ; struggling crouds
From every city flow ; with ardent gaze
Fixt, they behold the British Guide, of fight
Insatiate ; whilst his great redeeming hand

* Duke of Gloucester

† Marquis of Blandford.

Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
How Prussia's King transported entertains
His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits (with better fate,
Than to the Trojan Chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and intreats to shew
The skill and rudiments austere of war.
See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
His great Deliverer; and courts t' accept
Of titles, with superior modesty
Better refus'd! Meanwhile the haughty King
Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair, and fear,
Now first he feels; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head in life's extreme,
Distract his soul! nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various-sounding wire, best taught to calm
Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
Torment the Boian prince? from native soil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping consort, and depriv'd the sight
Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter, in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate
His plighted faith: why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he must contend? encountering fierce

The

The Solymeane Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he sees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute
Of hope, unpity'd! thou should'st first have thought
Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant, ill-aspiring heart.
Lo! how the Noric plains, through thy default
Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
Best men, that warr'd still firmly for their prince
Though faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd;
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well fenc'd and numerous, desolation reigns,
And emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd;
The widow and the orphan strole around
The desert wide; with oft-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of mansions, once their own (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene), bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or fire, or son, ere manly prime,
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.
Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd.

By Heaven propitious, blissful seat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours miseries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with Nature's choicest gift,
Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
Of drums and clarions, other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian sceptre undecided, here
Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife:
From different climes the flower of youth descends,
Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic or Austrian; havoc dire ensues,
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They must obey, in consternation wait,
Till rigid conquest will pronounce their liege:
Nor is the brazen voice of war unheard
On the mild Latian shore: what sighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curse
His cleaving faulcheon! fertile soil in vain!
What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,
Best boon of Heaven! or huge Taburnus, cloath'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harvest immature?
See, with what outrage from the frosty north,
The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while Volga's stream
Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
Her borderers; on mutual slaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is Poland vex

With

With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for sway? unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice! The English, undisturb'd
With such sad privilege, submit obey
Whom Heaven ordains supreme, with reverence due,
Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure:
From scepter'd kings, in long descent deriv'd,
Thou, Anna, rulest; prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly right,
Sole arbitress, declining thrones, and powers
Sue for relief; thou bid'st thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
To Rooke, that he should let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the labouring main t' assert
Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallic navies impotent to bear
His volley'd thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! reserv'd by Fate to grace
The new-born age: what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune submits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound
Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,

Mountain sublime, that casts a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right, and quell the force
Of kings perfidious; let them learn from thee
That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.
Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself,
Subduest regions, generous to raise
The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen! since in thy realms, secure
Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attends
Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
Europe embroil'd; still thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; say who
Shall wield th' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
By thy decree? the trembling lands shall hear
Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
Their stubborn necks, and Churchill, in his wrath,
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy power, and justice: Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate infernal banish'd, shall retire
To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coasts,

Or Tartary, engendering discords fell
Amongst the enemies of truth; while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love,
Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days,
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world!

Thus, from the noisy world exempt, with ease
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious rural seat
Of St. John, English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge *, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell: but when return'd
Consummate Peace shall rear her chearful head;
Then shall his Churchill, in sublimer verse,
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
From such a Chief to fight, and Bard to sing.

* He was then Secretary of War.

O D E

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O Qui recisæ finibus Indicis
 Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
 Haurire succum, et fauveolentes
 Sæpe tubis iterare fumos ;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
 Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
 Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
 Hesperii pretiumque, soles :

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
 Exors bonorum ? pròme reconditum,
 Pimplæa, carmen, desidésque
 Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
 Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
 Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
 Explicuit venusinus alas :

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
 Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
 Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruscum
 Rite beans equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
 Affluxit illi ; sæpe licet cadum
 Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
 Munera, lætitiamque testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
 Celebriorum; sed nec amantior
 Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
 Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
 Gratus recordor, mercurialium
 Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ
 Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
 Receptus ægrè spiritus, ilia
 Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
 Tussis agens sine more pectus.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu;
 Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
 Distillet in venas, tuæque
 Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

Hanc fumo, parcis et tibi poculis
 Libo salutem; quin precor, optima
 Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
 Perpetuo recreans amore.

Tc consulentem militiæ super
 Rebus togatum. Maeste! tori decus,
 Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
 Crine placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
 O! O! labellis cui Venus infidet!
 Tu forte felix: me Maria
 Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

A N

O

D

E

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQUIRE, 1706 *.

O Thou, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb † prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and every anxious care :
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I suck new life into my soul.

Thou, only thou ! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain ;
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
And wash away the thirsty pain
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From Latian fons and nearer skies.

O ! say, to bless thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings, shall I bring ?
Since I can spare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me sing !
In numbers Phœbus does inspire,
Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

* This piece was translated by the Reverend Thomas Newcomb, M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.

† Tobacco.

Aloft,

Aloft, above the liquid fky,

I fretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's sweet fwain did whilom fly;

And foaring, left the clouds below;
The Mufe invoking to endue
With ftrength his pinions, as he flew.

Whether he fings great Beauty's praife,

Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or choofe, the fubject of his lays,

The blufhing grape, or blooming rofe:
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky fprings
Mæcenas lifens while he fings.

Yet he no nobler draught could boast,

His Mufe or mufic to infpire,
Though all Falernum's purple coaft
Flow'd in each glafs, to lend him fire;
And on his tables us'd to fmile
The vintage of rich Chio's ifle.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his fongs,

His Mufe extoll'd, his voice approv'd:
To thee a fairer fame belongs,

At once more pleafing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the paffion to refrain,

As I my grateful homage bring;
And laft in Phœbus' humble train,
The firft and brighteft genius fing.

The Muses favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh! as greatly I aspire
To tell my love, to speak thy praise,
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
My bosom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful string,
And pant and languish as I sing.

Faint Nature now demands that breath,
That feebly strives thy worth to sing!
And would be hush'd, and lost in death,
Did not thy care kind succours bring!
Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
And call new life in every vein.

The sober glass I now behold,
Thy health, with fair Francisca's join,
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While she can please, and thou canst love.

Thus while by you the British arms
Triumphs and distant fame pursue;
The yielding Fair resigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What

What comely grace, what beauty smiles!

Upon her lips what sweetness dwells!

Not Love himself so oft beguiles,

Nor Venus self so much excels.

What different fates our passions share,

While you enjoy, and I despair!

* Maria's form as I survey,

Her smiles a thousand wounds impart;

Each feature steals my soul away,

Each glance deprives me of my heart!

And chasing thence each other Fair,

Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breast despair,

And sighing, hopes no kind return;

Yet, for the lov'd relentless Fair,

By night I wake, by day I burn!

Nor can thy gifts, soft Sleep, supply.

Or sooth my pains, or close my eye.

* Miss Mary Meers, daughter of the late Principal of Brazen-Nose College, Oxon.

C Y D E R.
 A P O E M,
 I N T W O B O O K S.

“ —Honos erit huic quoque Pomō ?” VIRG.

B O O K I.

WHAT foil the apple loves, what care is due
 To orchats, timeliest when to press the fruits,
 Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verse
 Adventurous I presume to sing; of verse
 Nor skill'd, nor studious: but my native soil
 Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,
 To whom propitious Heaven these blessings grants,
 Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,
 How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
 And thou, O Mostyn, whose benevolence,
 And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
 To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
 Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
 May it a lasting monument remain
 Of dear respect; that, when this body frail
 Is molder'd into dust, and I become

As

As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend!

Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender feeds; whose breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odors sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling showers
Distil, from the high fummits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The Orchats smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, most ample fruit

Of beauteous form produce; pleasing to fight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed: so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune;
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs distress'd he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome draught.
But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select
For apples; thence thy industry shall gain
Ten-fold reward; thy garners, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst: thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of spousals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes——oh! hardest fate, to fall
By shew of friendship, and pretended love!

I nor

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
 Of Marclej-hill; the apple no where finds
 A kinder mold: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
 Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
 This mount may journey, and, his present site
 Forfaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
 The goodly plants, affording matter strange
 For law-debates *? if therefore thou incline
 To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
 Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;
 Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.
 But if (for Nature doth not share alike
 Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld;
 If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
 Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
 Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
 And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
 Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
 Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root

* February the seventh, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaoston Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

Pierce

Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.
Thus nought is uselefs made ; nor is there land,
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf,
Sufficient ; after them the cackling goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more ? Ev'n on the clifsy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse
Gnaw pendent ; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabor'd ; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove ?

There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Besmear the roots ; in vain ! the nursing grove
Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth :
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
It's native poverty again prevails.

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T

Though

Though this art fails, despond not ; little pains,
 In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
 Th' industrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
 And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,
 Forgets not at the foot of every plant
 To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
 A just supply of alimantal streams,
 Exhausted sap recruiting ; else false hopes
 He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
 Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
 When other orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heaven, that in his course
 Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
 Noxious to planted fields, and often men
 Perceive his influence dire ; sweltering they run
 To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
 Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
 Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
 Thirst inextinguishable : but if the spring
 Preceding should be destitute of rain,
 Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
 Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,
 Then woe to mortals ! Titan then exerts
 His heat intense, and on our vitals preys ;
 Then maladies of various kinds, and names
 Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
 To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
 Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
 Reign far and near ; grim Death in different shapes
 Depopulates the nations ; thousands fall

His

His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heaven destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood and worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of Death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckless men!) ingulf'd
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre inclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Ærial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of Kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Nam'd Ariconium: uncontrol'd and free,
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submit,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands

T 2

Arose;

Arose ; had not the heavenly Powers averse
Decreed her final doom : for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst ; Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb : hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable : th' infernal winds, till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells ; and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat : old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks : and now the lowering sky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress'd ? whence seek for aid ? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation ? vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands to Heaven erect !
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,

Who

Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm; profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Consum'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth fatiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome stood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood.

Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and aversion): everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
The Colewort's rankness; but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall Elm: the Pæstan Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Crest of stout Britons), and inhances thence
The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close-neighbouring: th' Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy stem;
Uneasy, seated by funereal Yeugh,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits), or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful grafts.

Would'st thou thy vats with gen'rous juice should
froth?

Respect thy orchats; think not, that the trees.

Spontaneous

Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
 Let art correct thy breed : from parent bough
 A Cyon meetly sever : after, force
 A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
 By wedges, and within the living wound
 Enclose the foster twig ; nor over-nice
 Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
 The binding clay : ere-long their differing veins
 Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
 To the new pupil ; now he shoots his arms
 With quickest growth ; now shake the teeming trunk,
 Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.
 Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
 To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
 It's feculence, which in more porous stocks
 Of Cyder-plants finds passage free, or else
 The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
 Through th' infix'd grass, a grateful mixture forms
 Of tart and sweet ; whatever be the cause,
 This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
 Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
 Largest revenues to the orchard-lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
 In happy union ; others fitter deem
 The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plumbs austere.
 Who knows but both may thrive ? howe'er, what loss
 To try the powers of both, and search how far
 Two different natures may concur to mix
 In close embraces, and strange offspring bear ?
 Thou 'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,

Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particolor'd fruits, that please
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimic brisk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshest juice.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees answer best
From root, or kernel: she will best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare; by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe

The Indian weed *, unknown to ancient times.
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantry, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labor'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
Least animal; and shews, what laws of life
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Fabrick their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists! but the hidden ways
Of Nature would'st thou know? how first she frames
All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels; lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd; thou'lt wondering say,
An inmate orchard every apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way, or rule,
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning star

* Tobacco.

Affiduous,

Affiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself? and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?

'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever: for the genial moisture, due
To apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion: else the starveling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn; which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears,
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cyder drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang,
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,

Their

Their winter food ; though oft repuls'd, again
 They rally, undismay'd ; but fraud with ease
 Ensnares the noisome swarms ; let every bough
 Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
 Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice ;
 They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haste
 Fly to the dulcet cates, and crouding sip
 Their palatable bane ; joyful thou 'lt see
 The clammy surface all o'er-strown with tribes
 Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
 Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
 Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till death
 Bereave them of their worthless souls : such doom
 Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain !

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
 Intestine evils will prevail ; damp airs,
 And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
 The firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
 The proper relish vitiate : then the grub
 Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,
 Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave
 Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
 Ceaseless ; meanwhile the apple's outward form
 Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
 Till, with a writhen mouth, and spattering noise,
 He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
 Disrelisht ; not with less surprize, than when
 Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
 Through flowery meads delighted, nor distrust
 The smiling surface ; whilst the cavern'd ground,

With

With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæacian isle, from whence,
Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin burnisht o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of sweetest honeyed taste, the fair Permain
Temper'd, like comliest nymph, with red and white,
Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley: be thou first
This Apple to transplant, if to the name
Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.
Nor does the Eliot least deserve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, intrencht
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-relishing: why should we sing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Ruffet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various use
Though these are meet, though after full repast
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich dessert?

What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog

Adverse

Adverse to life; the wintery hurricanes
 In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
 Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage.
 Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,
 Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause,
 Thrice-acceptable beverage! could but art
 Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
 Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
 Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
 To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
 Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
 At once her fruits, and hospitable shade!

But how with equal numbers shall we match
 The Musk's surpassing worth; that earliest gives
 Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
 Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
 With large and juicy offspring, that defies
 The vernal nippings, and cold syderal blasts!
 Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
 Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
 Taught her the savage nature to forget:
 Hence styl'd the Scudamorean plant; whose wine
 Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
 Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
 The nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes
 In early worth, his country's justest pride,
 Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own

The Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpos fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primæval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains; even I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail Herefordian plant, that dost disdain
All other fields! Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my song,
And thy choice Nectar; on which always waits
Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.
What should we wish for more? or why, in quest
Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th' extremest world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or Latin Grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near Calpe's towering height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines
Vaunt their rich Must, nor let Tokay contend
For sovereignty; Phanæus self must bow
To th' Ariconian vales: And shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let

The

The soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,
 With largest usury repay, alone
 Impowered to supply what Nature asks
 Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
 The meadows here, with battenning ooze enrich'd,
 Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
 The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
 Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
 Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
 Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
 Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
 Lo, how the arable with barley-grain
 Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
 Transporting prospect! these, as modern use
 Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
 Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
 Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
 Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
 Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
 So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
 Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
 To heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
 To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
 Descending gently, where the lowing herd
 Chew verdurous pasture; nor the yellow fields
 Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich variety
 Pleasing; as when an Emerald green, enchas'd
 In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
 A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
 Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,

(Haunt

(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sov'ran sway
Awe the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odors? or the fleece
Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare
With Lemiter's filken wool? where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days
The Roman legions, and great Cæsar, found
Our fathers no mean foes: and Cressy's plains,
And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures vigor unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd Knight,
Puisant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice-happy peer!
That, blest with hoary vigor, view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise Senate, and attention win
In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd,

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U

Him,

Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.
 Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
 Him hardy Britons bless; his faithful hand
 Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
 The General's conduct, than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
 This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
 Thy Alterennis calls: yet she indures
 Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
 Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat *,
 Where † Aldrich reigns, and from his endless store
 Of universal knowledge still supplies
 His noble care; he generous thoughts instils
 Of true nobility, their country's love,
 (Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
 To human virtues by his genius led,
 Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
 Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurse of arts,
 And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
 Hanmer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
 Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
 Thy mitred offspring; be for ever blest
 With like examples, and to future times
 Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
 As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix

* Oxford.

† Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ-Church.

Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
To Beaufort, in a long descent derived
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters, in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
In her fair list this happy land inrolls.
Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests; whose board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feast-rites old: meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what though hid will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? how large
His mind that comprehends what'er was known
To old, or present time; yet not elate,

Not conscious of its skill? what praise deserves
 His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
 Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,
 Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
 Thy pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious tongues,
 Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
 Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants
 Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
 Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mold
 The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
 Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
 That view their matchless forms with transient glance,
 Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
 Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
 The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
 Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
 Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
 From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
 To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
 Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
 And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
 That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
 Exactest work of Heaven? He ill deserves
 Or love, or pity; friendless let him see
 Uneasy, tedious day, despis'd, forlorn,
 As stain of human race: but may the man,
 That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
 Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
 Enjoy with honour! O, ye Gods! might I

Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling; in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd: but if the stars
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech, and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reason; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd; but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day,
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous; but nor night, nor day, suffice
For that great task; the highly-honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts.
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me grateful; but let far from me

Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
Renounce their fires, oppose paternal right
For rule and power; and others realms invade
With specious shews of love. This traiterous wretch
Betrays his sovereign. Others, destitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styl'd honourable: the honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door,
A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
'Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will shock his steadfast soul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments, labor'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor with spectres' grisly forms,
Dæmons, and injur'd souls, at close of day

Annoy'd,

Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.
But (as a child, whose in experienc'd age
Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowel'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race: or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep
Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not sedulous to rail
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life observes,
Except his own; his own employs his cares,
Large subject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd from courtly ice,
And bates of pompous Rome secure; at court,
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself:
Best poet! fit exemplar for the tribe

Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim! and, if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
Content, depress'd by penury, and pine
In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verse
By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard*,
Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd!
But he—however, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, groveling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her rest a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

* Milton.

C Y D E R.

B O O K H.

O Harcourt, whom th' ingenuous love of arts
 Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
 Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
 In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
 Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
 Thou view'st the reliques of old Rome; or, what
 Unrival'd authors by their presence made
 For ever venerable, rural seats,
 Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
 Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
 Respecting his great name, dost now approach
 With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;
 Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
 This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
 Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
 And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace.
 Return, and let thy father's worth excite
 Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause
 Of widows, and of orphans, he asserts
 With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!
 Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
 Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Meanwhile (although the Massic grape delights
 Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
 Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject

Thy

Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
 Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
 O'erflow with generous cyder; far remote
 Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,
 That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,
 To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.
 Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails
 'Gainst Heaven? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
 To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
 Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
 Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
 * Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
 To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
 In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
 The wide inclosure: think not vainly now
 To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
 Thus disappointed. If the former years
 Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
 With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
 Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
 Till lustrous autumn's luke-warm days allay'd
 With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
 His ripening labours: autumn to the fruits
 Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
 Equal, intenerating milky grain,
 Berries, and sky-dy'd Plumbs, and what in coat
 Rough, or soft rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell;
 Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,

And

And the Pine's tasteful Apple : autumn paints
Ausonian hills with Grapes ; whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odors, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd store
Diffuse Ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean !
Soft whispering airs, and the lark's matten song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought ! but ah !
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours ! inclement winter dwells
Contiguous ; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year : trees of their shrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail !
Now, now 's the time, ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny ; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor : now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder : now prepare
Materials for thy mill ; a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive ; and a flexile fallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.

Nor

Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
Long ere the vintage ; but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a strainer to dispart
The husky, terrene dregs, from purer Must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find,
Whose prime is past ; the vigorous horse disdains
Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy stone ; with sober pace
He 'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse ; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy hulks in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour ; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou now
Reject the Apple-cheese, though quite exhaust ;
Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
Of sickly plants ; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
Such profit springs from hulks discreetly us'd !

The

The tender apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie,
The prey of worms : A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdued
By endless culture, with sufficient Must
His casks replenish'd yearly : he no more
Desir'd, nor wanted ; diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-grove : o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
The lightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature : yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars ; but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass, and the sun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time,
Equal'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watery turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal ; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated bras, steaming with fire intense ;
Although Devonian much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan ; with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse ;
And, when th' allotted orb of time 's compleat,

Are

Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share; with chearful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
Signal vengeance, such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly once withheld -
The clergy's due: relying on himself,
His fields he tended, with successless care,
Early and late, when or unwish'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes; or, when around
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe: recording this,
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide: the various moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain
Each rising dawn; ere icy crists surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unfully'd: now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and
glades
Offensive to the birds; sulphureous death
Checks their mid-flight, and heedless while they strain
Their

Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead,
Overtakes their speed ; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.

The woodcocks early visit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harvest ; he of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters ; when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows : O, may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutriceous ! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind ; the orchard loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads ; the loosened roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slack
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Rasps, supply
Delicious draughts ; the Quinces now, or Plumbs,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thibetian fruit

Atc

Are prest to wines; the Britons squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient fires.

But, if thou 'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'st brew;
Besides the orchat, every hedge and bush
Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervors, best
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne *, whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore!
More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
(For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd), which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.

See, how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening Mum, or blissful cups

* Ireland.

Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes ! by use
Instructed, thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora, and Islandic coasts ?
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract spontaneous yield
A chearing purple berry, big with wine,
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the fable borderers of Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom funny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and Thraciscia's gales,
Pining with Æquinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting ; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate

Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!

More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd:
So they (but chearful) unfatigued, still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, sweet Permain: the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch,

With

With lifted colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye;
That views the watery brede, with thousand shews
Of painture vary'd, yet 's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour; one fort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this, to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cyder cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-press'd husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsome, undigested cades:
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicious, purg'd from all
Its earthy gross, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigor it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflex; self-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent

X 2

Ascending,

Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
 Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
 As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams,
 Darts through a cloud, her watery skirts are edg'd
 With lucid amber, or undrossy gold :
 So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet
 Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
 In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
 From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.

For this intent, the subtle chemist feeds
 Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
 O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
 Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
 That in his furnace bubbles funny-red :
 From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
 He takes, and by one efficacious breath
 Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
 Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
 For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
 To human life subservient ; by his means
 Cyders in metal frail improve : the Moyle,
 And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,
 Acquire complete perfection : Now they smoke
 Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
 Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
 But harsher fluids different lengths of time
 Expect : Thy flask will slowly mitigate
 The Eliot's roughness. Stirom, firmest fruit,
 Embottled (long as Priameian Troy

Withstood

Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.
Softened by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink! ye honest men, beware,
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwarnd, till, by enchanting cups
Insatiate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past
Increase their joy. As, from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd.
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song,
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor incroach on night,
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair

Each to his home, with unupplanted feet.
Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks,
His dread retires, the flowing glasses add
Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
Debarr'd his grape: The Muses still require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirst allur'd: With vehement furs
When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is 't, beneath the twisted arch
Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
Secur'd of feverish heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters frore,
Beware th' inclement heavens; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood
Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.
Perpetual showers, and stormy gusts confine
The willing plowman, and December warns

To annual jollities ; now sportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms, with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious ; sturdy swains
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damsels ; hand in hand
They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses ; they with scorn,
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.
Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels ; these among,
A subtle artist stands, in wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst Laertes' son enclos'd).
Peaceful they sleep ; but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
'Midst these desports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets ; nor, when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest : When the Gnosian crown
Leads-on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies

Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
 Exhilarates their languid minds, within
 The golden mean confin'd : Beyond there 's nought
 Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
 Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
 Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
 'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
 Dire computation, forthwith reason quits
 Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
 And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
 Conspire in senseless jargon, nought is heard
 But din, and various clamor, and mad rant :
 Distrust, and jealousy to these succeed,
 And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
 Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
 Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
 With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash
 In rude encounter, round their temples fly
 The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks
 Mixt gore and cyder flow. What shall we say
 Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
 Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
 'T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
 Imprudent? him death's iron-sleep oppress,
 Descending careless from his couch; the fall
 Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
 Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
 The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
 Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
 Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,

Intestine

Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the sun with July heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropfy all-a-float,
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated; how, with lust and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and split their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The British isles, such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups: May we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hospitable love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes, signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd

Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence ; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike ; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd ! O Charles, O best of Kings !
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd !
Yet was the Cyder-land unstain'd with guilt ;
The Cyder-land obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of monarchy ; but, ah ! successless she,
However faithful ! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd Kings and Liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of Kings : Here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd ; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious : From her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion ! sever'd from the world

By Nature's wife indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without ; in one supreme
Intirely blest ; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy ; but the fond desire
Of rule, and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of Kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault ; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern ;
Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch ; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhythms, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye ; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise, heroic Kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
 Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!
 Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd
 With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
 Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
 Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
 Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
 Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
 No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
 But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight
 Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
 Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
 Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite,
 And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
 On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,
 Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
 Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
 The warlike English! One important day
 Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
 Fierce Brutus' off-spring to the adverse front
 Advance resistless, and their deep array
 With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
 Of Edward twice o'eturn'd their desperate King;
 Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
 The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
 He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
 Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chase
 Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood
 The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,

With

With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her
tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissension spring; from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'ran sway; and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns:
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and peasants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery couriers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and desolation, reign'd
Unrespited. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,

Great

Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
 Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
 Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
 Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
 Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
 But joy and pleasure open to the view
 Uninterrupted! with presaging skill
 Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
 By wise alliance: from thee James descends,
 Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king.
 To him alone hereditary right
 Gave power supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
 Of discontent: two nations under one,
 In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
 Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
 To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
 Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
 Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said,
 Let there be union; strait with reverence due
 To her command, they willingly unite,
 One in affection, laws and government,
 Indissolubly firm; from Dubris south,
 To Northern Orcades, her long domain.

And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
 What shall retard the Britons bold designs,
 Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
 Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
 Of all this globe? At this important act
 'The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
 Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk

Dreads

Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontrol'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double crosses, t' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold : Meanwhile the swains
Shall unmolested reap what plenty strows
From well-stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,
The natives shall applaud ; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms ; where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian cyder borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

CEREALIA,

C E R E A L I A *, 1706.

“ Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria

“ Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.” PETRONIUS.

O F English tipple, and the potent grain,
Which in the conclave of Celestial Powers
Bred fell debate, sing, Nymph of heavenly stem,
Who on the hoary top of Pen-main-maur
Merlin the seer didst visit, whilst he fate
With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
Young actions issuing from the Fates Divan.
Full of thy power infus'd by nappy ALE,
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope.
Nor ceas'd till the gray dawn with orient dew
Impearl'd his large mustachoes, deep ensconc'd
Beneath his over-shadowing orb of hat,
And ample fence of elephantin nose.
Scornful of keenest polar winds, or fleet,
Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove.
(Vain efforts on his seven-fold mantle, made
Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)

* This poem is taken from a folio copy, 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inserted in the hand-writing of Abp. Tenison. It was published by T. Bennet, the Bookseller for whom “Blenheim” was printed: another strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author. N.

Such

Such energy of soul to raise the song,
Deign, Goddess, now to me; nor then withdraw
Thy sure presiding power, but guide my wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.

Now from th' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood
Tardy with many a corse of Boïan knight,
And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed steeds
Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing th' expanse of heaven with active plume;
Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
The staunch Gerfaulcon through the buxom air
Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly sprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
Runs fast a Naïs through the flowery meads,
To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
Her golden trump the goddesses sounded thrice,
Whose shrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest sphere.
Rouz'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed
To learn the tidings came, on radiant thrones
With fair memorials, and impresses quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they fate, devis'd of old
By Mulciber, nor small his skill I ween.
There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought,
On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
By his plump cheek and barrel belly known,
The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd;
And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
The ensigns of the god! with ardent tone

He mov'd, that straight the nectar'd bowl should flow,
 Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
 Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
 Till all were sated with immortal moult,
 Delicious tippie! that, in heavenly veins
 Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred,
 Superior to Frontinac, or Bourdeaux,
 Or old Falern, Campania's best increase;
 Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
 From Palma or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
 Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
 Ceres, not blithe, for marks of latent woe
 Dim on her visage lour'd: such her deport
 When Arethusa from her reedy bed
 Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
 To sway his iron sceptre, and command
 In gloom tartareous half his wide domain.
 Then, sighing, thus she said—"Have I so long
 Employ'd my various art, t' enrich the lap
 Of Earth, all-bearing mother; and my lore
 Communicated to the unweeting hind,
 And shall not this pre-eminence obtain?"
 Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
 The bearded ears of grain she most admir'd,
 Which gods call Chrithe, in terrestrial speech
 Ey-cleped Barley. "'Tis to this, she cry'd,
 The British cohorts owe their martial fame
 And far-redoubted prowess, matchless youth!
 This, when returning from the foughten field,

Or Noric, or Iberian, seam'd with scars,
 (Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash!)
 The veteran, carousing, soon restores
 Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves!
 And, as a snake, when first the rosy hours
 Shed vernal sweets o'er every vale and mead,
 Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank;
 But, when by genial rays of summer sun
 Purg'd of his slough, he nimbly thrids the brake,
 Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
 Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
 Enfanguin'd rays, the distant swains admire
 His various neck, and spires bedropt with gold:
 So at each glass the harrafs'd warrior feels
 Vigour reate; his horrent arms he takes,
 And rusting faulchion, on whose ample hilt
 Long Victory fate dormant: soon she shakes
 Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
 With speed succinct; where soon his martial post
 She recognizes, whilst he haughty stands
 On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
 Wide torment on the ferried files, so us'd,
 Frequent in bold emprise, to work sad rout,
 And havock dire; these the bold Briton mows,
 Dauntless as Deities exempt from fate,
 Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,
 Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
 Such is the power of ale with vines embower'd,
 While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip;
 Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols

The beverage they quaff, whose happy soil
Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
Adorns with waving Chrithe (joyous scenes
Of vegetable gold!) secure they dwell,
Nor feel th' eternal snows that cloath their cliffs:
Nor curse th' inclement air, whose horrid face
Scowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds
Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
Snug in their straw-built huts, or darkling earth'd
In cavern'd rock they live (small need of art
To form spruce architrave, or cornice quaint,
On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
Prepar'd)—there on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing ale
Surcharg'd; or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale:
Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown
With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense.
Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large surloin
Of ox, or virgin-heifer, wont to browse
The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil
Replete with clover-grass, and foodful shrub).
Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
Meet paragon (as far as great with small
May correspond) for some Panchæan hill,
Embrown'd with sultry skies, thin-set with palm,

And

And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
Screens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
The quiver'd Arabs' vagrant clan, that waits
Insidious some rich caravan, which fares
To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.

Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
Patient of arms, still quash th' aspiring Gaul,
Blest by my boon: which when they slightly prize,
Should they, with high defence of triple brass
Wide-circling, live immur'd (as erst was tried
By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon
Look'd wan, and chearless mew'd her crescent horns
Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
Should there resistless ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
Was wont, when first his marshal'd peerage pass'd
The subject Rhene. What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
'Tis Ale that warms her sons t' assert her claim
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to opponent powers!

Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls:
It science can encourage, and excite
The mind to ditties blithe, and charming song.
Thou, Pallas, to my speech just witness bear:
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld
At Crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk

In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols shew,
 Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
 Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl.
 (Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
 A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
 Ere he th' embattail'd Pylians led, to quell
 The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire).
 Or if, with front unblest'd, came towering in
 Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
 Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
 His scimeter with huge two-handed sway.
 Alarm'd with threatening accent, harsher far
 'Than that ill-omen'd sound the bird of night,
 With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
 Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom:
 Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van,
 That crowds his gonfalon of seven foot size:
 And with their rubied faces stand the foe;
 Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
 And run with ears erect; as the tall stag
 Unharbour'd by the wood-man quits his layre,
 And flies the yerning pack which close pursue,
 So they not bowfy dread th' approaching foe:
 They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
 Night-founder'd in town-ditches stagnant gurge,
 Soph rowls on Soph promiscuous.—Caps aloof
 Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly.
 The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
 By Thrascia's coadjutant, and the roar
 Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts."

She said : the fire of Gods and men supreme,
 With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
 Then nodded awful : from his shaken locks
 Ambrosial fragrance flew : the signal given
 By Ganymede the skinker soon was ken'd ;
 With Ale he Heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
 To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
 The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
 But Bacchus murmuring left th' assembled powers.

B A C H A N A L I A N S O N G.

B Y M R. P H I L I P S *.

C O M E, fill me a glafs, fill it high,
 A bumper, a bumper I 'll have :
 He 's a fool that will flinch ; I 'll not bate an inch,
 Though I drink myself into my grave.
 Here 's a health to all those jolly souls,
 Who like me will never give o'er, [bowls,
 Whom no danger controuls, but will take off their
 And merrily stickle for more.
 Drown Reason and all such weak foes,
 I scorn to obey her command ;
 Could she ever suppose I 'd be led by the nose,
 And let my glafs idly stand ?

* From many circumstances, I have little doubt but this convivial song was by the author of "The Splendid Shilling." There was, however, an earlier poet, of both the names of this author ; who was nephew to Milton, and wrote some memoirs of his uncle, and several burlesque poems. N.

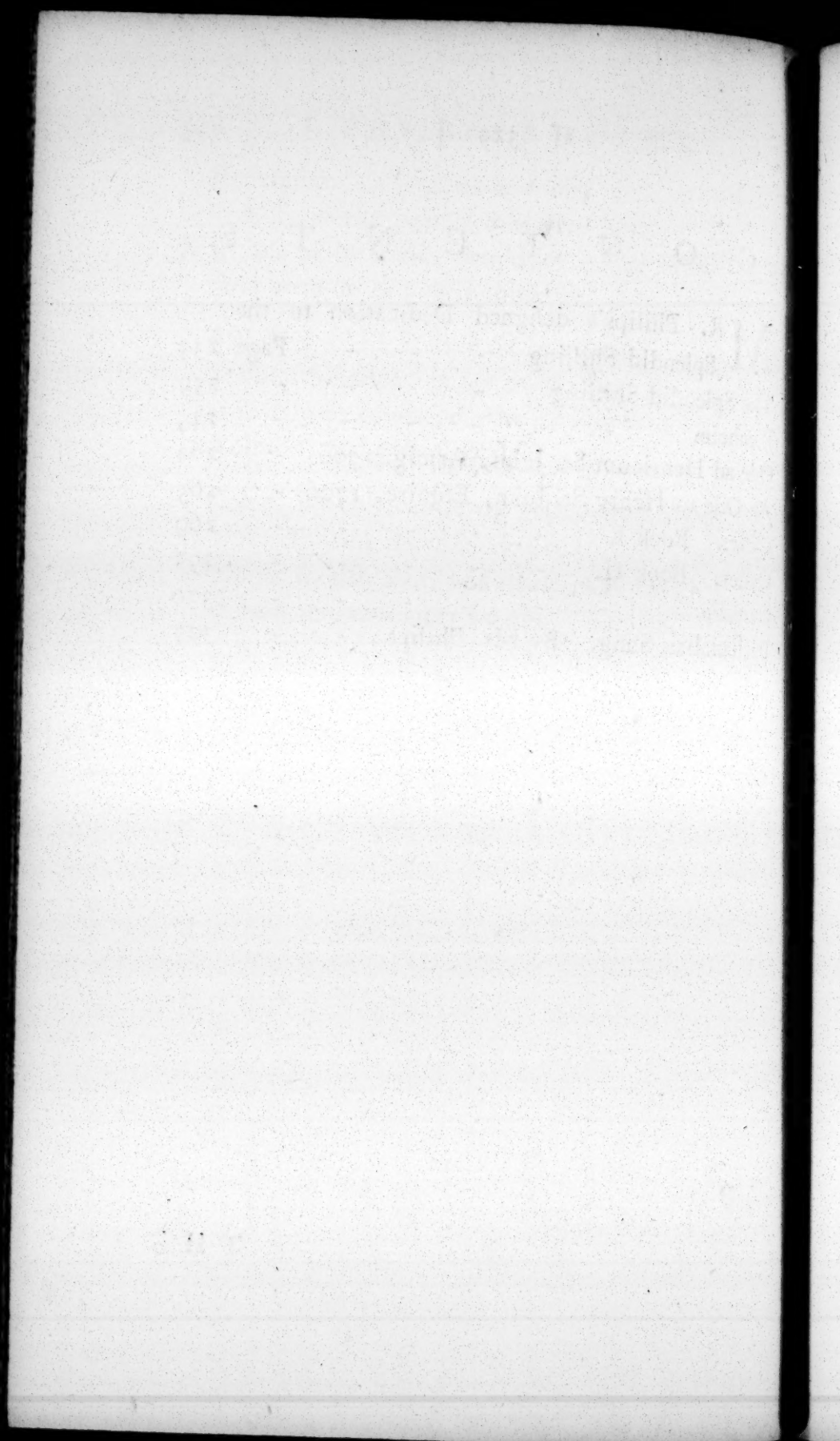
Reputation 's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who 'd set us new rules,
And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I 'll have fix in a hand,
For I 've trifled an age away ;
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glafs, drink about,
'We 'll drink the universe dry ;
We 'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out,
If once we grow sober we die.

C O N T E N T S.

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THE

P O E M S

OF

W I L L I A M W A L S H.

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P R E F A C E.

IT has been so usual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him some account before-hand of what he is to expect in the book.

The greatest part of this collection consists of amorous verses. Those who are conversant with the writings of the ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the moderns have published upon this subject. The occasions upon which the poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every man almost that is in love; and the thoughts such, as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for occasions that none meet with but themselves; and fill their verses with thoughts that are surprizing and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of these two are in the right; we ought to consider the end that people propose in writing love verses: and that I take not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their mistrefs; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched similies, and shining points; but by a true and lively representation of the pains and thoughts attending such a passion.

—“ Si

“ — Si vis me flere, dolendum est

“ Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.”

I would as soon believe a widow in great grief for her husband, because I saw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his mistress for his writing such verses as some great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their mistresses while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in transports of jealousy, to treat his mistress with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuse himself with such trifles as the other. I am pleased with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a desert with his mistress where never any human footsteps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says: but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other sustenance than his mistress's looks. I can very easily believe a man may love a woman so well as to desire no company but hers; but I can never believe a man can love a woman so well as to have no need of meat and drink if he may look upon her. The first is a thought so natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love, but thinks the same thing; the other is

not

not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impose upon us with a pretended love (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this point; and any man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the ancients and moderns have said upon the same occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the moderns who have written love-verses: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this false sort of wit in the world: for people, seeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have satisfied themselves with the imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in love-verses than the English; and it is indeed just that the fairest ladies should inspire the best poets. Never was there a more copious fancy or greater reach of wit than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or genteel than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or sprightly than those of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be observed, that among all these, that softness, tenderness, and violence of passion, which the ancients thought most proper for love-verses, is wanting; and at the same time

time that we must allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit; Mr. Waller a very gallant writer; Sir John Suckling a very gay one; and Mr. Cowley a great genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me that the ancients, who could never have handsomer women than we have, should nevertheless be so much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reason of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man must be imprudent indeed to let his passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a petition made to the fair, that they would be pleased sometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verse. I do not mean that they should confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that would be too great a confinement indeed; but that they would admit them upon the same foot with other people; and if they please now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three sorts of poems that are proper for love: pastorals, elegies, and lyric verses; under which last, I comprehend all songs, odes, sonnets, madrigals, and stanzas. Of all these, pastoral is the lowest, and, upon that account, perhaps most proper for love; since it is the nature of that passion, to render the soul soft and humble. These three sorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the designs, and in every thought of them. Though we have no difference

ference between the verses of pastoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the first ought to be looser and not so sonorous as the other; the thoughts more simple, more easy, and more humble. The design ought to be the representing the life of a shepherd, not only by talking of sheep and fields, but by showing us the truth, sincerity, and innocence, that accompanies that sort of life: for though I know our masters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence; Theocritus, in his *Daphnis*, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his *Alexis*, placed his passion upon a boy; yet (if we may be allowed to censure those whom we must always reverence) I take both those things to be faults in their poems, and should have been better pleased with the *Alexis* if it had been made to a woman; and with the *Daphnis*, if he had made his shepherds more modest. When I give humility and modesty as the character of pastoral, it is not, however, but that a shepherd may be allowed to boast of his pipe, his songs, his flocks, and to shew a contempt of his rival, as we see both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this must be still in such a manner as if the occasion offered itself, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the shepherd's passion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observed between pastorals and elegies as between the life of the country and the court. In the first, love ought to be represented as among shepherds, in the other as among

gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender, and passionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in pastoral. The passions they represent, either more gallant or more violent, and less innocent than the others. The subjects of them, prayers, praises, expostulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatenings, jealousies, and in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyricks may be allowed to handle all the same subjects with elegy, but to do it however in a different manner. An elegy ought to be so entirely one thing, and every verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone; or, to make use of the words of a * great modern critic, there must be

“ ——— a just coherence made

“ Between each thought, and the whole model laid,

“ So right, that every step may higher rise,

“ Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies.”

Lyricks, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may consist of parts that are entire of themselves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every stanza ought to make up a complete sense without running into the other. Frequent sentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Besides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the stanzas of six lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of

* Lord Mulgrave.

ten lines, at the third and the seventh. And it must be confess'd that this exactness renders them much more musical and harmonious; though they have not always been so religious in observing the latter rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very foolish design: those who are critics, it would be a presumption in me to pretend I could instruct; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write myself, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's simile) like selling arms to an enemy in time of war: though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence shewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, because they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young people, especially of the fair sex, are more taken with the liveliness of fancy, than the correctness of judgment. It may be also observed, that to write of love well, a man must be really in love; and to correct his writings well, he must be out of love again. I am well enough satisfied I may be in circumstances of writing of love, but I am almost in despair of ever being in circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reason for the fair and the young to pass over some of the faults; and as for the grave and wise, all the favour I shall beg of them is, that they would not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verses work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himself with what the critics say of them: and if they do not, all

the commendations the critics can give him will make but very little amends. All I shall say for these trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living who are able to write better on all subjects than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldness to say, that there is no one man among them all who shall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do justice to the merits of other people.

P O E M S

B Y

W I L L I A M W A L S H, E s q.

T O H I S B O O K.

G O, little book, and to the world impart
 The faithful image of an amorous heart :
 Those who love's dear deluding pains have known,
 May in my fatal stories read their own.
 Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,
 May find the thing they never felt, by me.
 Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
 And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate.
 While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
 I view the waves on which I once was tost.
 Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
 Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars ;
 Then peace again. Oh ! would it not be best
 To chace the fatal poison from our breast ?
 But, since so few can live from passion free,
 Happy the man, and only happy he,

Z 3

Who

Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
 That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
 Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;
 What 's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

E L E G Y .

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

LET the dull Merchant curse his angry fate,
 And from the winds and waves his fortune wait:
 Let the loud Lawyer break his brains, and be
 A slave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee:
 Let the rough Soldier fight his prince's foes,
 And for a livelihood his life expose:
 I wage no war, I plead no cause, but Love's;
 I fear no storms but what Celinda moves.
 And what grave censor can my choice despise?
 But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies:
 The Merchant, after all his hazards past,
 Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last;
 The Soldier high in his king's favour stands,
 And, after having long obey'd, commands;
 The Lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
 Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar:
 While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
 And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

E P I G R A M.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S TABLE-BOOK.

WITH what strange raptures would my soul be
blest,

Were but her book an emblem of her breast !

As I from that all former marks efface,

And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place ;

So might I chace all others from her heart,

And my own image in the stead impart.

But, ah ! how short the blis would prove, if he

Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me !

E L E G Y.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

WHILE those bright eyes subdue where-e'er you
will,

And, as you please, can either save or kill ;

What youth so bold the conquest to design ?

What wealth so great to purchase hearts like thine ?

None but the Muse that privilege can claim,

And what you give in love, return in fame.

Riches and titles with your life must end ;

Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend :

Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave:
Embalm'd in verse, through distant times they come,
Preserv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
Poets (like monarchs on an Eastern throne,
Restrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they please, give infamy or fame.
In vain the * Tyrian Queen resigns her life,
For the bright glory of a spotless wife,
If lying bards may false amours rehearse,
And blast her name with arbitrary verse;
While † one, who all the absence of her lord
Had her wide courts with pressing lovers stor'd,
Yet, by a Poet grac'd, in deathless rhymes,
Stands a chaste pattern to succeeding times.
With pity then the Muses' friends survey,
Nor think your favours there are thrown away;
Wifely like seed on fruitful soil they're thrown,
To bring large crops of glory and renown:
For as the sun, that in the marshes breeds
Nothing but nauseous and unwholsome weeds,
With the same rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
To pleasant flowers and useful fruits gives birth:
So favours cast on fools get only shame,
On Poets shed, produce eternal fame;
Their generous breasts warm with a genial fire,
And more than all the Muses can inspire.

* Dido.

† Penelope.

JEALOUSY.

J E A L O U S Y.

I.

W H O could more happy, who more blest could live,
 Than they whom kind, whom amorous passions
 move ?

What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
 Than the soft chains, the slavery of Love ?
 Were not the blifs too often crost
 By that unhappy, vile distrust,
 That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dangerous
 malady,
 That terrible tormenting rage, that madness, Jealousy.

II.

In vain Celinda boasts she has been true,
 In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her charms ;
 Dire Jealousy does all my pains renew,
 And represents her in my rival's arms :
 His sighs I hear, his looks I view,
 I see her damn'd advances too ;
 I see her smile, I see her kifs ; and, oh ! methinks I see
 Her give up all those joys to him, she should reserve
 for me.

III.

Ingrateful Fair-one ! canst thou hear my groans ?
 Canst thou behold these tears that fill my eyes ?
 And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
 Into another's arms resign my prize ?

If

If merit could not gain your love,
 My sufferings might your pity move ;
 Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies,
 more
 New pangs to one whom hopeless love had plagued too
 much before.

IV.

Think not, false nymph, my fury to out-storm ;
 I scorn your anger, and despise your frown :
 Dress up your rage in its most hideous form,
 It will not move my heart when love is flown ;
 No, though you from my kindness fly,
 My vengeance you shall satisfy :
 The Muse, that would have sung your praise, shall now
 aloud proclaim
 To the malicious, spiteful world, your infamy and shame.

V.

Ye Gods ! she weeps ; behold that falling shower !
 See how her eyes are quite dissolv'd in tears !
 Can she in vain that precious torrent pour ?
 Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears :
 'Twas Pity sure that made it flow :
 For the same pity, stop it now ;
 For every charming, heavenly drop that from those eyes
 does part,
 Is paid with streams of blood, that gush from my o'er-
 flowing heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love ; I will believe you true,
 And raise my passions up as high as e'er ;
 Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,
 Let the least sign of penitence appear.

T'll

I'll frame excuses for your fault,
Think you surpriz'd, or meanly caught;
Nay in the fury, in the height of that abhorr'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at least you wish'd, me in
the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in those arms,
And on that bosom lull asleep my cares :
Forgive those foolish fears of fancy'd harms
That stab my soul, while they but move thy tears ;
And think, unless I lov'd thee still,
I had not treated thee so ill ;
For these rude pangs of jealousy are much more certain
signs
Of love, than all the tender words an amorous fancy
coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more ;
Oh smile, and grant one reconciling kiss !
Ye Gods, she 's kind ! I'm ecstasy all o'er !
My soul 's too narrow to contain the bliss.
Thou pleasing torture of my breast,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my rest,
Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my peace
destroy ;
That kills me with excess of grief, this with excess
of joy.

CURE

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on some fair-one's charms,
They think she yields them to their rival's arms?

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if sharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover when his breast
By jealous phrenzy is possess'd;
Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet straight to her whom he forswears returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fear goes out;
The cloud of Jealousy's dispell'd,
And the bright sun of innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he blest!
Raptures too great to be express'd.
Though hard the torment's to endure,
Who would not have the sickness for the cure?

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

D E A T H.

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our
care?

After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd!
Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting those tyrant-sins that chain us fast,
And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
(Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?)
That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see:
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name;
'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the losing thee.

E L E G Y.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

CÆLIA, your tricks will now no longer pass,
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
I know my happier rival does obtain
All the vast bliss for which I sigh in vain.

Him,

Him, him you love, to me you use your art ;
I had your looks, another had your heart ;
To me you 're sick, to me of spies afraid ;
He finds your sickness gone, your spies betray'd :
I sigh beneath your window all the night ;
He in your arms possesses the delight.
I know you treat me thus, false fair, I do ;
And, oh ! what plagues me worse, he knows it too ;
To him my sighs are told, my letters shown,
And all my pains are his diversion grown.
Yet, since you could such horrid treasons act,
I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the fact :
His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
And 'tis by that I have your falsehood known.
What shall I do ! for, treated at this rate,
I must not love, and yet I cannot hate :
I hate the actions, but I love the face ;
Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty less !
I'm all confusion, and my soul's on fire,
Torn by contending reason and desire ;
This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er,
One counsels best, the other pleases more.
I know I ought to hate you for your fault,
But, oh ! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canst thou, mean wretch ! canst thou contented prove
With the cold relicks of a rival's love ?
Why did I see that face to charm my breast ?
Or, having seen, why did I know the rest ?
Gods ! if I have obey'd your just commands,
If I've deserv'd some favour of your hands ;

Make

Make me that tame, that easy fool again,
And rid me of my knowledge and my pain:
And you, false fair! for whom so oft I've griev'd,
Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forswear yourself for one who dies for you,
Vow, not a word of the whole charge was true;
But scandals all, and forgeries, devis'd
By a vain wretch neglected and despis'd.
I too will help to forward the deceit,
And, to my power, contribute to the cheat.
And thou, bold man, who think'st to rival me,
For thy presumption I could pardon thee;
I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her charms:
But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
That boasts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHAT fury does disturb my rest?
What hell is this within my breast?

Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal torment prove.
I see Celinda's cruelty,
I see she loves all men but me;
I see her falsehood, see her pride,
I see ten thousand faults beside;
I see she sticks at nought that's ill;
Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her still.

Others

Others on precipices run,
Which, blind with love, they cannot shun :
I see my danger, see my ruin ;
Yet seek, yet court, my own undoing :
And each new reason I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

T H E A N T I D O T E .

W H E N I see the bright nymph who my heart
does enthral,

When I view her soft eyes, and her languishing air,
Her merit so great, my own merit so small,
It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.

But when I consider, she squanders on fools
All those treasures of beauty with which she is stor'd;
My fancy it damps, my passion it cools,
And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise :
I love, and I hate, but I never esteem :
The passion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
Which my rivals destroy when I look upon them.

How wisely does Nature things so different unite ?
In such odd compositions our safety is found ;
As the blood of a scorpion 's a cure for the bite,
So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does
wound.

U P O N

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

CÆLIA, too late you would repent ;
 The offering all your store,
 Is now but like a pardon sent
 To one that 's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the blifs too late ;
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
 When first my court I made ;
 But when your falsehoods plain appear,
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shown,
 Whose worth you first deface,
 Is melting valued medals down,
 And giving us the brafs.

Oh, since the thing we beg 's a toy
 That 's priz'd by love alone,
 Why cannot women grant the joy,
 Before our love is gone ?

THE RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye sighs! be gone, ye tears!
 Be gone, ye jealousies and fears!
 Celinda swears she never lov'd,
 Celinda swears none ever mov'd
 Her heart, but I; if this be true,
 Shall I keep company with you?
 What though a senseless rival swore
 She said as much to him before?
 What though I saw him in her bed?
 I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
 Curse on the prudent and the wise,
 Who ne'er believe such pleasing lies:
 I grant she only does deceive;
 I grant 'tis folly to believe;
 But by this folly I vast pleasures gain,
 While you with all your wisdom live in pain.

D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

[IRREGULAR VERSES.]

FRIEND.

VALUE thyself, fond youth, no more
 On favours Mulus had before;
 He had her first, her virgin flame,
 You like a bold intruder came

To the cold relicks of a feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

L O V E R.

When he, dull sot, had seiz'd the worse,
I came in at the second course ;
'Tis chance that first makes people love,
Judgment their riper fancies move.
Mulus, you say, first charm'd her eyes ;
First, she lov'd babies and dirt-pies ;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the folly of those toys and him.

F R I E N D.

If wisdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous wits.
But wisdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

L O V E R.

I grant you, no man can foresee his doom ;
But shall I grieve because an ill may come ?
Yet I'll allow her change, when she can see
A man deserves her more than me,
As much as I deserve her more than he.

F R I E N D.

Did they with our own eyes see our desert
No woman e'er could from her lover part.
But, oh ! they see not with their own,
All things to them are through false optics shewn.
Love at the first does all your charms increase,
When the tube 's turn'd, hate represents them less.

A a 2.

L O V E R.

L O V E R .

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
 For dangers that I can't believe.
 She 'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,
 'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.

E P I G R A M .

L Y C E .

GO, said old Lyce, senseless lover, go,
 And with soft verses court the fair; but know,
 With all thy verses, thou canst get no more
 Than fools without one verse have had before.
 Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew,
 And that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

T H E F A I R M O U R N E R .

IN what sad pomp the mournful charmer lies!
 Does she lament the victim of her eyes?
 Or would she hearts with soft compassion move,
 To make them take the deeper stamp of love?
 What youth so wise, so wary to escape,
 When Rigour comes, drest up in Pity's shape?
 Let not in vain those precious tears be shed,
 Pity the dying fair one, not the dead;
 While you unjustly of the fates complain,
 I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
 Each to relentless judges make their moan;
 Blame not Death's cruelty, but cease your own.

While raging passion both our souls does wound,
A sovereign balm might sure for both be found ;
Would you but wipe your fruitless tears away,
And with a just compassion mine survey.

E P I G R A M.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

THOU saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldst abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn :
See what thy falsehood gets ; I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

E P I G R A M.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive !
Love 's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts :
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

E L E G Y.
T H E P E T I T I O N .

IN IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

IS there a pious pleasure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean sordid actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrsis, thou hast sure blessings laid in store,
From thy just dealing in this curst amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be shown,
Which to the fair thou hast not said and done?
On her false heart they all are thrown away;
She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many vows she broke,
Free my just soul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
Or with an equal passion burn at last;
The one she cannot practise, though she would;
And I condemn the other, though she should:
Nor ask I vengeance on the perjurd jilt;
'Tis punishment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balsam for my bleeding breast,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours rest.

E L E G Y

E L E G Y,

UPON QUITTING HIS MISTRESS.

I KNOW, Celinda, I have borne too long,
 And, by forgiving, have increas'd my wrong :
 Yet if there be a power in verse to slack
 Thy course in vice, or bring fled virtue back,
 I'll undertake the task, howe'er so hard ;
 A generous action is its own reward.
 Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
 I'd fly from crowns to live within those arms :
 But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee just,
 When such known falsehoods have destroy'd all trust?

Farewel, false fair! nor shall I longer stay.
 Since we must part, why should we thus delay?
 Your love alone was what my soul could prize,
 And missing that, can all the rest despise ;
 Yet should I not repent my follies past,
 Could you take up and grow reserv'd at last,
 'Twould please me, parted from your fatal charms,
 To see you happy in another's arms.
 Whatever threatenings fury might extort,
 Oh fear not I should ever do you hurt :
 For though my former passion is remov'd,
 I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
 Adieu! while thus I waste my time in vain,
 Sure there are maids I might entirely gain :

I'll search for such, and to the first that's true,
Resign the heart so hardly freed from you.

TO HIS MISTRESS,
AGAINST MARRIAGE.

YES, all the world must fure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest;

But 't were in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
That were for public good design'd;
Could we in foolish pride,
Make the fun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grass away,
To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two souls, which passion does unite;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away;
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past?

E P I G R A M.

C H L O E.

CHLOE new-marry'd looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

E P I G R A M.

C O R N U S.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife 's a whore;
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

E P I G R A M.

T H R A S O.

THRASO picks quarrels when he 's drunk at night;
When sober in the morning dares not fight.
Thrafo, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

E P I G R A M.

G R I P E A N D S H I F T E R.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T' increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.

How

How happy would appear to each his fate,
 Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
 Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
 And of two wretches make one happy man!

T O C Æ L I A ,

UPON SOME ALTERATIONS IN HER FACE.

A H, Cælia! where are now the charms
 That did such wondrous passions move?
 Time, cruel Time, those eyes difarms,
 And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
 To womens' interest, and to ours?
 Beauties in which the public share,
 The greedy villain first devours.

Who, without tears, can see a prince
 That trains of fawning courtiers had,
 Abandon'd, left without defence?
 Nor is thy hapless fate less sad.

Thou who so many fools hast known,
 And all the fools would hardly do,
 Shouldst now confine thyself to one!
 And he, alas! a husband too.

See the ungrateful slaves, how fast
 They from thy setting glories run;
 And in what mighty crowds they haste
 To worship Flavia's rising sun!

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
 In vain those eyes would love impart;
 Not all th' advances, all the smiles,
 Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, still
 By cruelty her cause maintains;
 And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile
 To the poor slaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waste their tears;
 But sure they will in time repine,
 That thou hast not a face like hers,
 Or she has not a heart like thine.

T H E R E T I R E M E N T.

ALL hail, ye fields, where constant peace attends!
 All hail, ye sacred solitary groves!
 All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
 Whose conversation pleases and improves!

Could one who study'd your sublimer rules
 Become so mad to search for joys abroad?
 To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
 And undistinguish'd pass among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
 Thinks happiness in great preferment lies;
 Nor fears for that his country to betray,
 Curst by the fools, and laught at by the wise.

Others,

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Consume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others, the name of pleasure does invite,
All their dull time in sensual joys they live;
And hope to gain that solid firm delight
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplex, alas! is human fate!
I, whom nor avarice nor pleasures move,
Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
If beauty always must my heart enthrall,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of state
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn);
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly say, The Trifle I contemn.

In her blest arms contented could I live,
Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impossible to find.

In women how should sense and beauty meet?
The wisest men their youth in follies spend;
The best is he, that earliest finds the cheat,
And sees his errors while there's time to mend.

T H E

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
 For Phyllis the fair,
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon, her lover,
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish;
 But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep;
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get,
 But a neck when once broken
 Can never be fet;
 And, that he could die
 Whenever he would,
 But, that he could live
 But as long as he could:

How

How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

S O N G.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great foe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

A S O N G

A S O N G T O P H Y L L I S.

I.

PHYLLIS, we not grieve that Nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every single feature
Shew'd the utmost of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended
That a mighty grievance lies,
That your heart should be defended,
Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love's a senseless inclination,
Where no mercy's to be found;
But is just, where kind compassion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.

Persians, paying solemn duty,
To the rising Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.

P H Y L L I S ' S R E S O L U T I O N.

I.

W H E N slaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain,
But you not only that desire,
But ask the power to reign.

II. Think

II.

Think how unjust a suit you make,
 Then you will soon decline;
 Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
 But trespass not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
 I ne'er will grant the thing,
 That he, who once has been my slave,
 Should ever be my king.

A N E P I S T L E,

TO A LADY WHO HAD RESOLVED AGAINST
 MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
 Your resolution for a single state;
 Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
 Must never put on Hymen's livery;
 Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair,
 But underneath is nothing else but care.
 If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
 Which turns the name of virgin into bride;
 That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
 And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
 Whose strange meanders you may search about,
 But never find the clue to let you out.
 The married life affords you little ease,
 The best of husbands is so hard to please:

This

This in wives careful faces you may spell,
 Though they dissemble their misfortunes well.
 No plague 's so great as an ill-ruling head,
 Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread :
 For Love's insinuating fire they fan,
 With sweet ideas of a god-like man.
 Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their swains,
 And sung their praises on the neighbouring plains ;
 Oh! they were brave, accomplish'd, charming men,
 Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
 Sure some resistless power with Cupid fides,
 Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides ;
 For single lives afford the most content,
 Secure and happy, as they 're innocent :
 Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
 And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon seas :
 Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares,
 No bawling children to disturb your prayers ;
 No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
 No blustering husband to renew your fears !
 Therefore, dear madam, let a friend advise,
 Love and its idle deity despise :
 Suppress wild Nature, if it dares rebel ;
 There 's no such thing as " leading apes in hell."

CLELIA TO URANIA.

A N O D E.

I.

THE dismal regions which no sun beholds,
Whilst his fires roll some distant world to cheer,
Which in dry darkness, frost, and chilling cold,
Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
At his returning influence never knew
More joy than Clelia, when she thinks of you.

II.

Those zealots, who adore the rising sun,
Would soon their darling deity despise,
And with more warm, more true devotion run,
To worship nobler beams, Urania's eyes;
Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
Where rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.

But, ah! frail mortals, though you may admire
At a convenient distance all her charms,
Approach them, and you 'll feel a raging fire,
Which scorches deep, and all your power disarms:
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleasure breeds.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd,
 And Strephon to adore her born,
 In vain her pity is implor'd,
 Who kills him twice with charms and scorn.

II.

Fair faint, to your blest orb repair,
 To learn in heaven a heavenly mind;
 Thence hearken to a sinner's prayer,
 And be lessauteous, or more kind.

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
 And persecute this breast no more:
 Ah! tell me why must every dart
 Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
 I never murmur'd or repin'd,
 But patiently myself resign'd
 To all the torments, which through thee
 Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
 But oh! I can no more sustain
 This long-continued state of pain,
 Though 'tis but fruitless to complain,
 My heart, first soften'd by thy power,
 Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:

B b 2

So

So fond and easy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own :
So much to its own interest blind,
So strangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to me,
Than vestal-virgins hearts to thee.
I often courted it to stay ;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to stop it I essay'd,
Though often, often, I display'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By some proud maid ill us'd and scorn'd,
I still the renegade carest,
And gave it harbour in my breast.
O! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it so admir'd ;
With shame and sorrow overcast,
And sad repentance for the past,
A thousand sacred oaths it swore
Never to wander from me more ;
After chimæras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-goose chase of love.
Thus it resolv'd — — — — —
Till some new face again betray'd
The resolutions it had made :
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone :
And, though so often it had fail'd,
Though vainless every heart assail'd,

Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
 It took again its fatal flight.
 'Tis thus, malicious deity,
 That thou hast banter'd wretched me ;
 Thus made me vainly lose my time,
 Thus fool away my youthful prime ;
 And yet, for all the hours I 've lost,
 And sighs, and tears, thy bondage cost,
 Ne'er did thy slave thy favours bless,
 Or crown his passion with success.
 Well—since 'tis doom'd that I must find
 No love for love from womankind ;
 Since I no pleasure must obtain,
 Let me at least avoid the pain :
 So weary of the chace I 'm grown,
 That with content I 'd sit me down,
 Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
 And bid all womankind farewell.
 Nay, ask for all I felt before,
 Only to be disturb'd no more.
 Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
 Will give my torments no relief ;
 But now, ev'n now, thou mak'st me die,
 And love I know not whom, nor why,
 In every part I feel the fire,
 And burn with fanciful desire ;
 From whence can love its magic draw ?
 I doat on her, *I never saw* :
 And who, but lovers, can express
 This strange, mysterious tenderness ?

And yet methinks 'tis happier so,
Than whom it is I love to know :
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I should something find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did bestow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus she sings, she looks, she talks.
Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,
Could she my trickling tears but see,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I 've no cause to grieve,
I pleasingly myself deceive ;
And sure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair :
Lest she should be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by Fancy's height :
Lest (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, lost in an amaze ;
My trembling lips and eyes should tell,
'Tis her I dare to love so well) ;
She, with an angry, scornful eye,
Or some unkind, severe reply,
My hopes of bliss should overcast,
And my presuming passion blast.

If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not see her I love,
Thy altars prostrate I 'll adore,
And call thee tyrant-god no more.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN Muse, my humble voice inspire
To sing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire.
Long had the faithful swain suppress'd his grief,
And, since he durst not hope, ne'er ask'd relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal day
That took the nymph and all his joys away;
With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare:
Till with deep sighs, as if his heart-strings broke,
Pressing her hand, these tender things he spoke:

DAMON.

Ah, lovely nymph! behold your lover burn,
And view that passion which you 'll not return.
As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine,
So no swain's love did ever equal mine:
How happy, fair, how happy should I be,
Might I but sacrifice myself for thee!

B b 4

Could

Could I but please thee with my dying verse,
And make thee shed one tear upon my hearse!

D A P H N E .

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not power to take :
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve ;
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the rest at first assail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh, blame not me, but Fate,
'That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

D A M O N .

Had the fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I must despair.
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lover's flame,
For flocks, for pastures, for an empty name.
Yet though the blest possession fate denies,
Oh let me gaze for ever on those eyes :
So just, so true, so innocent 's my flame,
'That Phaon, did he see it, could not blame.

D A P H N E .

Such generous ends I know you still pursue,
What I can do, be sure I will for you.
If on esteem or pity you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
'Those you may have, but cannot have my heart :
And since we now perhaps for ever part,
Such noble thoughts through all your life express,
May make the value more, the pity less.

D A M O N .

DAMON.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part,
 (Ye Gods! what shivering pains surround my heart!)
 And have one thought to make your pity less?
 Ah Daphne, could I half my pangs express,
 You could not think, though hard as rocks you were,
 Your pity ever could too great appear.
 I ne'er shall be one moment free from pain,
 Till I behold those charming eyes again.
 When gay diversions do your thoughts employ,
 I would not come to interrupt the joy;
 But when from them you some spare moment find,
 Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
 Think with what heart I shall behold the green,
 Where I so oft those charming eyes have seen!
 Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
 When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
 Yet, oh! that little time you have to stay,
 Let me still speak, and gaze my soul away!
 But see my passion that small aid denies;
 Grief stops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes.

E C L O G U E II.

GALATEA.

THYRSIS, the gayest one of all the swains,
 Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains;
 While love's mad passion quite devour'd his heart,
 And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his smart;
Strives

Strives in low numbers, such as shepherds use,
If not to move her breast, his own amuse.
You, Chloris, who with scorn refuse to see
The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot sure with equal pride disdain,
To hear an humble hind of his complain.

Now while the flocks and herds to shades retire,
While the fierce sun sets all the world on fire;
Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
And to the hills and woods declare my love.
How small 's the heat! how easy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within!

Yet scornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my songs and pipe still turns her ear:
Not so the sage Corisca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Ægon's only care;
From them my songs a just compassion drew;
And they shall have them, since contemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaste Cynthia stays,
And Pan himself, to listen to my lays?
Pan, whose sweet pipe has been admir'd so long,
Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my song:
Yet Galatea scorns whate'er I say,
And Galatea's wiser sure than they.

Relentless nymph! can nothing move your mind?
Must you be deaf, because you are unkind?
Though you dislike the subject of my lays,
Yet sure the sweetness of my voice might please.
It is not thus that you dull Mopfus use;
His songs divert you, though you mine refuse:

Yet

Yet I could tell you, fair-one, if I would,
 (And since you treat me thus, methinks I should)
 What the wise Lycon said, when in yon' plain
 He saw him court in hope, and me in vain ;
 Forbear, fond youth, to chace a heedless fair,
 Nor think with well-tun'd verse to please her ear ;
 Seek out some other nymph, nor e'er repine
 That one who likes his songs, should fly from thine.

Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage false dangers forms ;
 'Tis not his songs, but 'tis his fortune charms :
 Yet, scornful maid, in time you'll find those toys
 Can yield no real, no substantial joys ;
 In vain his wealth, his titles gain esteem,
 If for all that you are ashamed of him.

Ah, Galatea, would'st thou turn those eyes,
 Would'st thou but once vouchsafe to hear my cries ;
 In such soft notes I would my pains impart,
 As could not fail to move thy rocky heart ;
 With such sweet songs I would thy fame make known,
 As Pan himself might not disdain to own.
 Oh could'st thou, fair-one, but contented be
 To tend the sheep, and chace the hares, with me ;
 To have thy praises echo'd through the groves,
 And pass thy days with one who truly loves :
 Nor let those gaudy toys thy heart surprize,
 Which the fools envy, and the sage despise.

But Galatea scorns my humble flame,
 And neither asks my fortune, nor my name.
 Of the best cheese my well-stor'd dairy 's full,
 And my soft sheep produce the finest wool ;

The

The richest wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And smiling crops of grain adorn my field.

Ah, foolish youth ! in vain thou boast'st thy store,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopfus still has more.
See whilst thou sing'st, behold her haughty pride,
With what disdain she turns her head aside !
Oh, why would Nature, to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with such an angel's face ?

Cease, shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless moan ;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes resound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground !
The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs ;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, shepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks pursue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

E C L O G U E III.

D A M O N .

TAKEN FROM THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

ARISE, O Phosphorus ! and bring the day,
While I in sighs and tears consume away ;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Nisa's love ;
And to the gods my vain petitions move :
Though they 've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Arcadia's famous for its spacious plains,
Its whistling pine-trees, and its shady groves,
And often hears the swains lament their loves.

Great

Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
 Who first taught reeds to warble rural notes.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Mopfus weds Nifa! oh, well-suited pair!
 When he succeeds, what lover can despair?
 After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
 And hounds with hares in friendly comfort feed.
 Go, Mopfus, go; provide the bridal cake,
 And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
 In her soft arms thou shalt securely rest,
 Behold, the evening comes to make thee blest!
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh, Nifa, happy in a lovely choice!
 While you with scorn neglect my pipe and voice;
 While you despise my humble songs, my herd,
 My shaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
 While through the plains disdainfully you move,
 And think no shepherd can deserve your love;
 Mopfus alone can the nice virgin win,
 With charming person, and with graceful mien.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal plains,
 I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
 Scarce had you seen the thirteenth spring appear:
 Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
 I gaz'd, and blushes did your charms increase.
 'Tis love, thought I, that 's rising in her breast;
 Alas, your passion, by my own, I guest;
 Then upon trust I fed the raging pains.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh,

Oh, love! I know thee now ; thou ow'st thy birth
To rocks ; some craggy mountain brought thee forth :
Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Relentless love to bold Medea show'd,
To stain her guilty hands in children's blood.
Was she more cruel, or more wicked he ?
He was a wicked counsellor, a cruel mother she.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Now let the screech-owls vie with warbling swans ;
Upon hard oaks let blushing peaches grow,
And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
The harmless wolves the ravenous sheep shall shun ;
And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run :
Let the sea rise, and overflow the plains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Adieu, ye flocks ; no more shall I pursue !
Adieu, ye groves ; a long, a long adieu !
And you, coy nymph, who all my vows disdain,
Take this last present from a dying swain.
Since you dislike whate'er in life I said,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead :
This leap shall put an end to all my pains.
Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian strains.

Thus Damon sung while on the cliff he stood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
All with united grief the loss bemoan,
Except the authoress of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breast.
Ah, cruel nymph ! forbear your scorns at least.

How

How much foe'er you may the love despise,
'Tis barbarous to insult on one that dies.

E C L O G U E IV.

L Y C O N.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming swains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
Both in the lustre of their blooming youth:
No sullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No passions discompose their souls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as story goes,
Between the youths a fierce dispute arose;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
(Though both deserv'd, yet both despis'd, that praise);
But for a cause of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmost care.
Each swain the prize of beauty strove to gain,
For the bright shepherdes that caus'd his pain.
Lycon they chose, the difference to decide,
Lycon, for prudence and sage counsel try'd;
Who love's mysterious arts had study'd long,
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
For the dispute alternate verse they choose,
Alternate verse delights the rural Muse.

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou justly ow'st the prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.

DAM. Though Sylvia, for herself, love's power defies,
What crowds of vassals has she made to love!

STREP.

STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
Each curl, each flower she wears, a charm exprefs.

DAM. Sylvia, without a foreign aid, inflames;
Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her drefs.

STREP. Have you feen Flavia with her flaxen hair?
She feems an image of the queen of love!

DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.

STREP. Flavia by crouds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who fhall the fair enjoy!

DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!

STREP. Flavia, where-e'er ſhe comes, the fwains ſub-
dues,

And every ſmile ſhe gives conveys a dart.

DAM. Sylvia the fwains with native coldneſs views,
And yet what ſhepherd can defend his heart?

STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an inſtant ſtrike;
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.

DAM. Sylvia's ſoft charms, as ſoon as ſeen, we like;
But ſtill the more we think, we love the more.

STREP. Who is ſo ſtupid, that has Flavia ſeen,
As not to view the nymph with vaſt delight?

DAM. Who has ſeen Sylvia, and ſo ſtupid been,
As to remember any other fight?

STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care ſhe
views

Her charming graces in the cryſtal lakes?

DAM. To ſee hers, Sylvia need no mirrors uſe;
She ſees them by the conqueſts that ſhe makes.

STREP.

STREP. With what assurance Flavia walks the plains!

She knows the nymphs must all their lovers yield.

DAM. Sylvia with blushes wounds the gazing swains,

And while she strives to fly, she wins the field.

STREP. Flavia at first young Melibœus lov'd;

For me she did that charming youth forsake.

DAM. Sylvia's relentless heart was never mov'd;

Gods! that I might the first impression make!

STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her;

What indignation would the charmer show!

DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herself prefer:

There we alone her judgment disallow.

STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare,

Why is this crowded still, and that alone?

DAM. Because their ways of life so different are;

Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCON. Shepherds, enough; now cease your amorous
war;

Or too much heat may carry both too far;

I well attended the dispute, and find

Both nymphs have charms, but each in different kind.

Flavia deserves more pains than she will cost;

As easily got, were she not easily lost.

Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;

But, once possess'd, will well reward the pain.

We wish them Flavias all, when first we burn;

But, once possess'd, wish they would Sylvias turn.

And, by the different charms in each express,

One we should soonest love, the other best.

E C L O G U E V.

D E L I A.

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF MRS. TEMPEST, WHO
DIED UPON THE DAY OF THE GREAT STORM.

YE gentle swains, who pass your days and nights
In Love's sincere and innocent delights!
Ye tender virgins, who with pride display
Your beauty's splendor, and extend your sway!
Lament with me! with me your sorrows join!
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

Begin, my Muse! begin your mournful strains!
Tell the sad tale through all the hills and plains!
Tell it through every lawn and every grove!
Where flocks can wander, or where shepherds rove!
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the distant sea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse!
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news!
The foaming sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd shore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And stately towers in heaps of ruin mourn!

The

The gentle Thames, that rarely passion knows,
Swells with this sorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
What shrieks are heard! what groans! what dying cries!
Ev'n nature's self in dire convulsions lies!

Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!

Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

O! why did I survive the fatal day,
That snatch'd the joys of all my life away?
Why was not I beneath some ruin lost?

Sunk in the seas, or shipwreck'd on the coast?

Why did the Fates spare this devoted head?

Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?

By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd;

Nor knew I pleasure but as thou wert pleas'd.

Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?

What use have I of life, now thou art gone?

I have no use, alas! but to deplore

Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!

What living nymph is blest with equal grace?

All may dispute, but who can fill thy place?

What lover in his mistress hopes to find

A form so lovely, with so bright a mind?

Doris may boast a face divinely fair,

But wants thy shape, thy motions, and thy air.

Lucinda has thy shape, but not those eyes,

That, while they did th' admiring world surprize,

Disclos'd the secret lustre of the mind,

And seem'd each lover's inmost thoughts to find.

Others, whose beauty yielding swains confess,

By indiscretion make their conquest less.

And want thy conduct and obliging wit
 To fix those slaves who to their chains submit.
 As some rich tyrant hoards an useless store,
 That would, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more:
 So didst thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd
 Would make a thousand other nymphs admir'd.
 Gay, modest, artless, beautiful and young,
 Slow to resolve; in resolution strong;
 To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all;
 None could himself the favour'd lover call:
 That which alone could make his hopes endure,
 Was, that he saw no other swain secure.
 Whither, ah! whither are those graces fled?
 Down to the dark, the melancholy shade?
 Now, shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
 Delia is dead, and beauty is no more!

For thee each tuneful swain prepar'd his lays,
 His fame exalting while he sung thy praise.
 Thyrsis, in gay and easy measures, strove
 To charm thy ears, and tune thy soul to love:
 Menalcas, in his numbers more sublime,
 Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme.
 Glycon whose satire kept the world in awe,
 Soften'd his strain, when first thy charms he saw,
 Confess'd the goddess who new-form'd his mind,
 Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
 Cease, shepherd, cease; the charms you sung are fled,
 The glory of our blasted isle is dead.
 Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
 Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!

Behold

Behold where now she lies depriv'd of breath!
Charming though pale, and beautiful in death!
A troop of weeping Virgins by her side;
With all the pomp of woe and sorrows pride!
O, early lost! O, fitter to be led
In chearful splendor to the bridal-bed,
Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,
A spotless virgin in her beauty's bloom!
Whatever hopes superior merit gave,
Let me, at least, embrace thee in the grave;
On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiss:
O that thy coyness could refuse me this!
Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,
Shall thaw their numbness, and thy warmth restore,
Claspt to my glowing breast, thou may'st revive;
I'll breathe such tender sighs shall make thee live,
Or, if severer fates that aid deny,
If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.
In one cold grave together may be laid
The truest lover and the loveliest maid.
Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;
Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.

But see, those dreadful objects disappear!
The sun shines out, and all the heavens are clear:
The warring winds are hush'd, the sea serene;
And nature, soften'd, shifts her angry scene.
What means this sudden change? methinks I hear
Melodious music from the heavenly sphere!
Listen, ye shepherds, and devour the sound!
Listen: the faint, the lovely faint, is crown'd!

While we, mistaken in our joy and grief,
 Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief :
 From the pleas'd orbs she views us here below,
 And with kind pity wonders at our woe.

Ah, charming faint ! since thou art blest'd above,
 Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love.
 Forgive their tears, who press'd with grief and care,
 Feel not thy joys, but feel their own despair.

H O R A C E , O D E III. B O O K III.

IMITATED, 1705.

I.

THE man that 's resolute and just,
 Firm to his principles and trust ;
 Nor hopes nor fears can blind ;
 No passions his designs control,
 Not Love, that tyrant of the soul,
 Can shake his steady mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
 Nor threatenings of a court enrag'd,
 Nor storms where fleets despair ;
 Not thunder pointed at his head ;
 The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
 Not touch his soul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory rose,
 By this the Romans aw'd their foes :
 Of this their poets sing.

These

These were the paths their heroes trod,
These acts made Hercules a god ;
And great Naffau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
With blackening storms combin'd.
" Virtue, he cry'd, will force its way ;
" The wind may for a while delay,
" Not alter our design.

V.

" The men whom selfish hopes inflame,
" Or vanity allures to fame,
" May be to fears betray'd :
" But here a church for succour flies,
" Insulted law expiring lies,
" And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

" Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
" I come, the wounded heart to heal,
" The wounding hand to bind :
" See tools of arbitrary sway,
" And priests, like locusts, scout away
" Before the western wind.

VII.

" Law shall again her force resume ;
" Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
" With brighter rays advance.
" The British fleet shall rule the deep,
" The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,
" Strike terror into France.

VIII.

- “ Nor shall these promises of fate
“ Be limited to my short date :
“ When I from cares withdraw,
“ Still shall the British sceptre stand,
“ Still flourish in a female hand,
“ And to mankind give law.

IX.

- “ She shall domestic foes unite,
“ Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,
“ Whole armies drag her chain :
“ She shall lost Italy restore,
“ Shall make th’ imperial eagle soar,
“ And give a king to Spain.

X.

- “ But know, these promises are given,
“ These great rewards impartial heaven
“ Does on these terms decree ;
“ That, strictly punishing mens faults,
“ You let their consciences and thoughts
“ Rest absolutely free.

XI.

- “ Let no false politics confine,
“ In narrow bounds, your vast design
“ To make mankind unite ;
“ Nor think it a sufficient cause
“ To punish man by penal laws,
“ For not believing right.

XII.

- “ Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind ;
“ Rome’s sons shall your compassion find,
“ Who ne’er compassion knew.

“ By

“ By nobler actions theirs condemn :
 “ For what has been reproach’d in them,
 “ Can ne’er be prais’d in you.”

XIII.

These subjects suit not with the lyre ;
 Muse ! to what height dost thou aspire,
 Pretending to rehearse
 The thoughts of gods, and god-like kings ?
 Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
 By mean ignoble verse.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED, 1703.

AN IMITATION OF THE FOURTH ECLOGUE
 OF VIRGIL :

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM A
 SIBYLLINE PROPHECY.

“ ——— Paulò majora canamus.”

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier flight ;
 Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight :
 Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
 Make your shades fit for able statesmens view.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
 Restoring the Saturnian age of gold ;
 The vile, degenerate, whiggish offspring ends,
 A high-church progeny from heaven descends.

O learned

O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains
To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley
reigns.

And thou great Scarfsdale, darling of this land,
Dost foremost in that fam'd commission stand;
Whose deep remarks the listening world admires,
By whose auspicious care old Ranelagh expires.
Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind;
You punish men for crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates shall now like holy synods be,
And holy synods senate-like agree.
Monmouth and Mostyn here instruct the youth,
There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the sacred truth.
Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim,
Through wide West-Saxon realms extend their fame;
There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
Nor treat their bishops in a human way.

Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
Harley shall cease to trick, and Seymour cease to rail:
The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with distant care,
Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacific admirals, to save the fleet,
Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet:
Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost,
And honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.

Brereton

Brereton and Burnaby the court shall grace,
And Howe shall not disdain to share a place.
Forgotten Molyneux and Mason now
Revive and shine again in Fox and Howe.

But as they stronger grow and mend their strain,
By choice examples of King Charles's reign;
Bold Bellasis and patriot D'Avenant then,
One shall employ the sword, and one the pen :
Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The tool of faction shall to peace invite,
And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite. }

Yet still some Whigs among the peers are found,
Like brambles flourishing in barren ground.
Somers maliciously employs his care
To make the lords the legislature share.
Burnet declares how French dragooning rose,
And bishops persecuting bills oppose :
Till Rochester's * cool temper shall be fir'd,
And North's and Nottingham's strong reasonings be
admir'd.

But when due time their counsels shall mature,
And fresh removes have made the game secure ;
When Somerset and Devonshire give place
To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
Both converts great ; when justice is refin'd,
And corporations garbled to their mind ;
Then passive doctrines shall with glory rise,
Before them hated moderation flies,
And anti-christian toleration dies. }

* Bishop Sprat.

Granville shall seize the long-expected chair,
Godolphin to some country seat repair ;
Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd,
And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his just
reward.

France, that this happy change so wisely has begun,
Shall bless the great design, and bid it smoothly run.
Come on, young James's friends, this is the time,
come on ;

Receive just honours, and surround the throne.
Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the state, and Rooke the main.
Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
And troops are trusted to your own Gerhard.
The faithful club assembles at the Vine,
And French intrigues are broach'd o'er English wine.
Freely the senate the design proclaims,
Affronting William, and applauding James.
Good ancient members, with a solemn face,
Propose that safety give to order place ;
And what they dare not openly dissuade,
Is by expedients ineffectual made.
Ev'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court cares,
Exalt its praises, but its power depress ;
And, that impartial justice may be seen,
Confirm to friends what they refus'd the Queen.
Bishops who most advanc'd good James's cause
In church and state, now reap deserv'd applause :
While those who rather made the Tower their choice,
Are styl'd unchristian by the nation's voice.

Avow'dly

Avow'dly now St. David's cause they own,
And James's votes for simony atone.
Archbishop Kenn shall from Long-Leat be drawn,
While firm Nonjurors from behind stand crouding for
the lawn.

And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
Shalt fail to Lambeth in his Grace's barge.

See by base rebels James the Just betray'd,
See his three realms by vile usurpers sway'd;
Then see with joy his lawful heir restor'd,
And erring nations own their injur'd lord.

O would kind heaven so long my life maintain,
Inspiring raptures worthy such a reign!
Not Thracian Saint John should with me contend,
Nor my sweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:
Not though young D'Avenant, Saint John should protect,
Or the shrewd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct.
Nay, should Tredenham in St. Mawes compare his
songs to mine,

Tredenham, though St. Mawes were judge, his laurel
should resign.

Prepare, auspicious youth, thy friends to meet;
Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.
Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
In times of danger still this chief confin'd)
Now send the gout, the hero to disgrace,
Honest George Churchill may supply his place.

* Rooke.

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